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USGOOD'S

Progressive Second Reader:

EMBRACING

PROGRESSIVE LESSONS IN READING AND
SPELLING.

BY LUCIUS USGOOD.

NEW YORK:

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1880.

Chas. H. Smith
St. Louis, Mo.
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PROGRESSIVE LESSONS IN READING AND
SPELLING.

By LUCIUS OSGOOD.



PITTSBURGH:
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P R E F A C E.

THIS book may be considered a continuation of the First Reader of the Progressive Series; and to the pupil who has a thorough knowledge of that little work, it will offer no difficulties which reasonable application will not overcome.

The use of dissyllables is commenced in this book; but they are so easy at first, and increase so gradually in difficulty as the work advances, that the pupil will almost imperceptibly acquire their orthography and pronunciation. Near the middle of the book, easy words of three syllables are introduced, and are sparingly used throughout the remainder of the work; but, with a single exception, no word of more than three syllables will be found in any lesson of this Reader.

In the first part of the book, every new word is presented at the head of the reading lesson in which it occurs for the first time. But toward the middle, or the latter part of it, when the pupil is supposed to have acquired considerable facility in the pronunciation of words at sight, easy monosyllables are used in reading lessons, which have not been presented in spelling lessons; and in a few instances, compound words, formed of simple words which have been frequently used in preceding lessons, are also found in reading lessons, but omitted in the word exercises. From this it will be perceived, that the principal difficulties of each reading

lesson are brought out, and placed at the beginning of it in the form of a spelling lesson. Let these difficulties receive proper attention before the pupil is permitted to read, and it is confidently believed that the exercise of reading will be relieved of that dulness and hesitancy which too generally attend it.

Correct pronunciation constitutes one of the primary objects of attention in teaching reading, and the teacher who is critical in this particular, will do much toward laying a good foundation for elocution and oratory. In view of its great importance, every possible aid is extended in this book to the teacher and pupil in this department of reading. Every word of more than one syllable is accented in the spelling lesson in which it occurs, and the vowel sound of every new monosyllable and every accented syllable is indicated by a figure placed over it.

In making the selections for this book, those containing language too difficult, or treating of subjects too abstract and complex for children to understand, have been carefully avoided; and those only have been taken which are believed to contain moral and instructive lessons, presented in such a manner as to arouse the sympathies, secure the attention, and make a good and lasting impression upon the heart of the young reader.

It may be proper to state, in this connection, that, in order to keep the number of new words in each lesson within proper limits, and exclude words too difficult, the compiler has ventured to alter some stories; but hopes the authors of them will consider the necessities of the case, and pardon the liberty he has taken.

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TABLE OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

THE elements in the following table must be uttered by the teacher first, and then by the class, individually, or in concert. In order to give each element correctly, pronounce the word containing it distinctly and forcibly, and then utter the element alone; as *ape*, ¹*a*; *arm*, ²*a*; *bat*, *b*, &c. Let the practice upon this table be continued until every elementary sound can be uttered correctly and promptly.

VOCALS.

	ELEMENT.		ELEMENT.
1. <i>a</i> , as in <i>ape</i> , is marked	¹ <i>a</i>	9. <i>o</i> , as in <i>old</i> , is marked	¹ <i>o</i>
2. <i>a</i> , " <i>arm</i> , "	² <i>a</i>	10. <i>o</i> , " <i>do</i> , "	² <i>o</i>
3. <i>a</i> , " <i>all</i> , "	³ <i>a</i>	11. <i>o</i> , " <i>on</i> , "	³ <i>o</i>
4. <i>a</i> , " <i>at</i> , "	⁴ <i>a</i>	12. <i>u</i> , " <i>mute</i> , "	¹ <i>u</i>
5. <i>e</i> , " <i>me</i> , "	¹ <i>e</i>	13. <i>u</i> , " <i>up</i> , "	² <i>u</i>
6. <i>e</i> , " <i>met</i> , "	² <i>e</i>	14. <i>u</i> , " <i>full</i> , "	³ <i>u</i>
7. <i>i</i> , " <i>ice</i> , "	¹ <i>i</i>	15. <i>oi</i> , " <i>oil</i> , "	<i>oi</i>
8. <i>i</i> , " <i>it</i> , "	² <i>i</i>	16. <i>ou</i> , " <i>out</i> , "	<i>ou</i>

SUB-VOCALS.

	ELEMENT.		ELEMENT.
17. <i>b</i> , as in <i>bib</i> ,	<i>b</i>	25. <i>v</i> , as in <i>van</i> ,	<i>v</i>
18. <i>d</i> , " <i>did</i> ,	<i>d</i>	26. <i>w</i> , " <i>we</i> ,	<i>w</i>
19. <i>g</i> , " <i>gay</i> ,	<i>g</i>	27. <i>y</i> , " <i>yes</i> ,	<i>y</i>
20. <i>j</i> , " <i>joy</i> ,	<i>j</i>	28. <i>z</i> , " <i>zone</i> ,	<i>z</i>
21. <i>l</i> , " <i>lad</i> ,	<i>l</i>	29. <i>z</i> , " <i>azure</i>	² <i>z</i>
22. <i>m</i> , " <i>man</i>	<i>m</i>	30. <i>th</i> , " <i>thy</i> ,	<u><i>th</i></u>
23. <i>n</i> , " <i>no</i> ,	<i>n</i>	31. <i>ng</i> , " <i>song</i> ,	<i>ng</i>
24. <i>r</i> , " <i>run</i> ,	<i>r</i>	31. <i>ng</i> , " <i>song</i> ,	<i>ng</i>

ASPIRATES.

	ELEMENT.		ELEMENT.
32. p, as in pin,	p	37. f, as in fan,	f
33. s, " sin,	s	38. ch, " chin,	ch
34. t, " tin,	t	39. th, " thin,	th
35. r, " rid,	r	40. sh, " shy,	sh
36. h, " his,	h	41. wh, " why,	wh

The sound of *a*, as heard in *what*, occurs in some words of this book; and in lessons where it was not possible to class it with the short sound of *o*, it is marked thus *â*. No place, however, is given to this 5th sound of *a* among the vocal elements, because it is merely another character to represent the sound of *o*, as heard in *not*, and cannot, therefore, be properly considered an additional element.

The sound of *o*, as heard in *some*, and the sound of *i*, as heard in *first*, are generally classed with short *u* in the spelling lessons, but where such classification was not practicable, they are respectively marked *ô* and *î*. But these sounds being the same, and equivalent to short *u*, they are, for obvious reasons, omitted in the table of vocal elements.

E before *r* or at the end of a word, and before *r* followed by any consonant but itself in the middle of a word, is marked *ê*, thus indicating that it has the sound of *e* in *met*. This marking may not be strictly correct, yet I believe that the more closely the sound of *e* in such situations is made to resemble *e* as heard in *met*, if it is done without an appearance of effort or affectation, the more elegant the pronunciation will be.

EXERCISE I.*

In practising this exercise, let the pupil be required to give

* This book will probably be put into the hands of pupils who have never read the First Reader of this series, and for the benefit of such, it has been thought best to repeat in this place some of the preliminary exercises of Book First.

that sound to each vowel which is indicated by the figure placed over it.

¹ a,	¹ e	¹ i;	¹ a,	¹ e,	¹ o.	¹ a,	² a,	³ a,	⁴ a;	¹ e,	² e.
¹ a,	¹ o,	¹ u;	¹ e,	¹ o,	¹ a.	¹ i,	² i,	¹ o,	² o;	¹ o,	³ o.
¹ e,	¹ a,	¹ o;	¹ e,	¹ o,	¹ i.	¹ u,	² u,	¹ u,	³ u;	¹ oi,	² ou.
¹ i,	¹ o,	¹ u;	¹ i,	¹ e,	¹ a.	¹ a,	⁴ a,	¹ e,	² o;	¹ i,	³ o.
¹ i,	¹ a,	¹ u;	¹ i,	¹ e,	¹ o.	¹ o,	² a,	² o,	² a;	¹ o,	² ou.

EXERCISE II.

Combination of vocals with sub-vocals.

b.	¹ ba,	² ba;	³ ba,	⁴ ba.	v.	¹ ve,	² ve;	¹ vi,	² vi.
d.	¹ da,	² da;	³ da,	⁴ da.	w.	¹ we,	² we;	¹ wi,	² wi.
g.	¹ ga,	² ga;	³ ga,	⁴ ga.	y.	¹ ye,	² ye;	¹ yi,	² yi.
j.	¹ ja,	² ja;	³ ja,	⁴ ja.	z.	¹ ze,	² ze;	¹ zi,	² zi.
l.	¹ la,	² la;	³ la,	⁴ la.	z.	¹ ze,	² ze;	¹ zi,	² zi.
m.	¹ ma,	² ma;	³ ma,	⁴ ma.	th.	¹ the,	² the;	¹ thi,	² thi.
n.	¹ na,	² na;	³ na,	⁴ na.	ng.	³ eng,	¹ eng;	¹ ing,	² ing.
r.	¹ ra,	² ra;	³ ra,	⁴ ra.	ng.	¹ eng,	² eng;	¹ ing,	² ing.

EXERCISE III.

Combination of vocals with aspirates.

p.	¹ po,	¹ pu;	² po,	³ po.	f.	¹ fo,	³ fu;	foi,	fou.
t.	¹ to,	¹ tu;	² to,	³ to.	ch.	¹ cho,	³ chu;	chou,	chou.
s.	¹ so,	¹ su;	² so,	³ so.	th.	¹ tho,	³ thu;	thou,	thou.
r.	¹ ro,	¹ ru;	² ro,	³ ro.	sh.	¹ sho,	³ shu;	shoi,	shou.
h.	¹ ho,	¹ hu;	² ho,	³ ho.	wh.	¹ who,	³ whu;	whoi,	whou.

EXERCISE IV.

*Combination of vocals with
sub-vocals.*

b.	⁴ ab,	² eb;	² ib,	³ ob.
d.	⁴ ad,	² ed;	² id,	³ od.
g.	⁴ ag,	² eg;	² ig,	³ og.
v.	⁴ av,	² ev;	² iv,	³ ov.
r.	⁴ ar,	² er;	² ir,	³ or.
m.	⁴ am,	² em;	² im,	³ om.
n.	⁴ an,	² en;	² in,	³ on.
ng.	⁴ ang,	² eng;	² ing,	³ ong.

*Combination of vocals with
aspirates.*

p.	⁴ ap,	² ep;	² ip,	³ op.
t.	⁴ at,	² et;	² it,	³ ot.
k.	⁴ ak,	² ek;	² ik,	³ ok.
f.	⁴ af,	² ef;	² if,	³ of.
ch.	⁴ ach,	² ech;	² ich,	³ och.
th.	⁴ ath,	² eth;	² ith,	³ oth.
sh.	⁴ ash,	² esh;	² ish,	³ osh.
sh.	⁴ ash,	² esh;	² ish,	³ osh.

EXERCISE V.

In this exercise, the words found at the head of Lesson I. are analyzed. Such analysis is very necessary, to aid beginners in spelling phonetically. The elements of each word are separated by hyphens, and placed opposite to it. Let the pupil be required to spell these words phonetically, (which is to utter their elements, not the names of their letters,) and pronounce as usual.

¹ a-j	age.
² p-a-n-t-s	paints
² k-a-f	calf.
² d-u-l	dull.
¹ r-i-t	write.
¹ m-o-p	mope.
f-o-r	³ four.

¹ k-l-o-th-z	clothes.
¹ e-z-i	² easy.
³ a-l-m-o-s-t	¹ almost
² s-p-e-l	spell.
² l-e-r-n	learn.
² v-e-r-i	² very.
² n-e-v-e-r	² never.

A FEW WORDS TO TEACHERS.

THE first thing claiming your attention in each lesson, is the exercise in articulation, which must not be omitted or neglected, if you wish to make pleasant and intelligible readers. The practice upon this exercise, unless it is one of unusual difficulty, should not occupy more than two or three minutes; for if continued longer, weariness, rather than improvement, will be very likely to be the result. In those exercises in which vowels are found combined with consonants, let each vowel and its consonants be uttered together, giving as much voice as possible to the consonants; and then omit the vowel, uttering the consonants alone. For instance, take the exercise on page 100; utter the syllable ⁴*abs*, giving as much vocal prominence as possible to *bs*; then omit ⁴*a*, taking care to give *bs*, when uttered alone, precisely the same sound that they have when uttered with ⁴*a*.

The exercise in articulation finished, the words immediately following will next claim your attention. Recollect that these are the only new words, and the principal difficulties to be found in the reading lesson which follows; and that you cannot, therefore, be too careful to see that the pupil has thoroughly mastered them before he is permitted to read. Let him be able to spell each word phonetically, as well as by naming the letters. Let him understand what accent is, and be able to apply it properly to every accented word in the lesson. These things being done, next require the pupil to utter the words at sight. In doing this, you will have an excellent opportunity to cultivate exactness and delicacy in pronunciation, without which no one can attain to excellence

in oratory or elocution. Do not neglect this opportunity. Do not leave any word until you are confident that the pupil can pronounce it correctly. The compiler has endeavored to furnish as much assistance as possible in pronunciation, but if you do not think it sufficient in any case, consult your dictionary. Never teach the pronunciation of any word, unless you know it is correct.

Every teacher feels the necessity, and knows the difficulty, of teaching children to observe the pauses in reading. Perhaps there is no better way of doing this, than to let the teacher count at the pauses; one for a comma, two for a semicolon, four for a colon, &c., the class stopping the moment he begins, and commencing again the moment he ends. For the sake of variety, this order may be reversed; the teacher may read, and the class may count. In this way the pupil will form some idea of the comparative length of pauses, as well as learn to observe them.

PUNCTUATION MARKS.

At a Comma (,) pause long enough to count one.

At a Semicolon (;) pause long enough to count two.

At a Colon (:) pause long enough to count four.

At a Period (.) pause long enough to count six.

This (?) is an Interrogation point, and shows that a question is asked, at which make a pause about equal to that of the period.

This (!) is an Exclamation point, and is used to denote wonder or astonishment.

Parentheses () include words not necessary in the sentence, and which must be read quicker, and in a lower tone, than the rest of the sentence.

At the Dash (—) make a sudden stop—sometimes longer, sometimes shorter, than at a period.



OSGOOD'S SECOND READER.

LESSON I.

¹ a, ² a, ³ a; ¹ i, ¹ e, ¹ o; ² i, ² e, ² u.

¹ age

paints

² calf

² dull

¹ write

¹ mope

four

clothes

¹ eas'y

³ al'most

² spell

learn

ver'y

nev'er

bet'ter.

READING.

Jane. If you will run and get your book, Kate, I will hear you read.

Kate. I do not want to read; it is so dull,

and the words in my book are so hard. I like to play much better than I like to read and spell.

Jane. But if you spend all your time in play now, and do not learn to read, it will vex you, when you get to be a large girl, to see that girls of your own age know more than you do, and can read much better than you can. Would you not like to read nice books, as James and Rose do?

Kate. No; I do not care for such dull things. I have a new doll, and some fine clothes for it, some white cups, and a box of paints; and I mean to play with them all day, and not look in my book at all. I do not wish to read as long as I have such fine things as these to play with.

Jane. Why you might as well be a cat, or a calf, or a poor kit; for they like to play, but cannot read, and do not care for books.

Kate. Ah, but I am not a calf, and do not look like one, for all that. Look at my hand. A calf has no hand, and has four feet, and I have but two.

Jane. No, to be sure, you are not a calf; but you might almost as well be one, and walk on four feet, and eat hay and grass, as to be a girl, and not know how to read, and spell, and write. What can you do more than a calf or cat, if you do not learn to read?

Kate. I can talk: and that is more than a calf or cat can do.

Jane. Well, if you can talk, why do you not read, that you may grow wise, and know how to talk well? If you do not read good books, you will not know what to talk of. You will be like a cat that says mew, mew, mew; or a dog that says bow, wow, wow.

Kate. But how can you bear to sit all day, and read, read, read, like a mope?

Jane. I do not feel at all like a mope, as you call it, when I sit down to my book. I find a great deal in it to please me. It tells me of beasts and of birds, and of good girls and of good boys; and I love to read in it very much.

Kate. It is so hard to read, that it seems as if I could never learn.

Jane. It may be hard for you at first, but in a short time, it will be quite easy. So run and get your book at once, dear Kate, and let me help you. I am sure it will not be long till you will love your book very much, and think it is very easy.

Kate. You are so kind to me, Jane, I will do just as you wish; I will get my book, and try to learn to read well as soon as I can.

QUESTIONS.—What did Jane wish Kate to do? What had Kate to play with? How did she mean to spend the day? Why did Jane wish to have Kate read? What did Jane's book tell her about? Did Kate say she would try to learn to read? Will you all try to learn to read well?

LESSON II.

¹ a, ¹ o, ² a; ² i, ² e, ² u; ¹ e, ¹ o, ou.

² rich	² dunce	¹ coarse
kiss	third	¹ la'dy
prints	moth'er	la dies (¹ la'diz)
¹ rest	¹ rea'son	² hard'ly
dress'ed (drest)	re ² gard'	a bout'

A NEW COAT AND A WISE HEAD.

1. There was once a boy who was fond of fine clothes. His name was John. He was a dunce at school; for he thought more of his clothes than he did of his books.

2. He would tell the boys that he should be rich when he grew up to be a man, and that it would be of no use to him to know so much about books. One day he went to see a friend of his mother; and he had on a new blue coat and a fine silk vest.

3. The lady of the house gave him a chair, and sent him some cakes; but no one said much to him, and he felt quite dull. He thought some one would speak of his new coat, but no one said a word about it.

4. At last a boy came in, whose clothes were coarse, but plain and neat. The lady of the house took hold of this boy's hand, and gave him a kiss, and made him talk to her a long time.

5. The rest of the ladies then spoke to him. One said, "How are you, James? When will you come to my house and play with my son? He has a pet fawn that he would like to show you, which I am sure would please you very much."

6. "You must come and see me too," said the next lady, "for I am told that you are one of the best of boys. I have some nice books that I think you would like to read."

7. Then a third lady said she had heard how well he could draw; and that, if he would come to see her, she would show him some fine prints, and give him a box of paints. And so it went on all about the room; each one had a kind word for James.

8. Now John thought it very strange, that a boy with such plain clothes should please more than he did, who was so well dressed.

9. The reason was this: James had much good sense. He could draw very well, and could read, write, and spell almost as well as a man; and, what was still better, he could think and talk about what he read.

10. But John could hardly read, and he could not draw at all. He soon found out that fine clothes would not win love or regard; and that a wise head was much better than a new coat.

QUESTIONS.—What is this story about? 1. Why was John a dunce at school? 2. What did he tell the boys? 5. What did the ladies say to James? 6. What could James do? 7. Do you think a fine coat is better than a wise head?



LESSON III.

² ⁴ ² ¹ ² ¹ ¹ ³ ¹
e, a, u; i, i, o; e, a, o.

sir (²sur)fence²

an'y

serve

smack⁴whip²strike¹do'ing²be cause'³un less'²o'ver¹

on'ly

chose

goes

slow

 THE BOY THAT BEAT HIS HORSE.

Man. Stop! stop, my lad; tell me why you whip your horse so.

Boy. I do not know, I am sure, sir.

Man. Does he want to stand still?

Boy. No, sir.

Man. Does he go too slow then?

Boy. No, sir.

Man. Does he want to jump over the fence, or to lie down on the grass?

Boy. Oh no, sir.

Man. Then, pray, what do you beat him for, my lad?

Boy. I do not know, I am sure, unless it is because I like to hear my whip smack.

Man. Well, I like to hear my cane smack; so I will lay it on your back.

Boy. Oh no, sir; pray do not. Pray do not, sir.

Man. But why not?

Boy. Why, it would hurt me; and I do not know that I have done any thing wrong, for which you should whip me.

Man. And does it not hurt your horse, when you beat him?

Boy. Yes, sir; but not much, I think.

Man. And yet you beat him, though he has not done wrong.

Boy. Yes, but he is only a horse; and then he is my horse, and I may do what I please with my own horse.

Man. No, no, my lad, you must not use any thing ill, though it may be your own, and though it may be only a horse.

Now if I were to beat you well with my cane, it would serve you just right; for you have done

wrong to strike your horse when he was doing as well as he could.

Your good horse, too, that takes you so far on his back, and goes just where you wish to have him, in the mud, or the cold; though he could soon throw you down and run off, if he chose.

Poor old horse! You think he cannot be hurt much because he is only a horse; but, if he could speak, he would soon tell you that your blows hurt him very much.

Boy. I did not think of all that.

Man. Think of it now, then; and do not strike him any more.

Boy. Sir, I will mind what you say. I love my old horse, and will not beat him any more because I love to hear my whip smack.

Man. That is right; now you speak like a good boy.

Boy. I am glad to hear you say so.

Man. Yes; and you will be a wise and good man in time, if you mind what is said to you for your good. Now you may ride off, my lad; and good-day to you.

Boy. Good-by, sir.

QUESTIONS.—What did the man wish the boy to tell him? What did the boy say he whipped his horse for? Was the boy willing to let the man beat him with his cane? Why not? What did the man tell the boy he must not do? Do you think it hurts a horse to strike it? Was it right for the boy to whip his horse?

LESSON IV.

¹ e, ² a, ³ a; ¹ o, ² e, ⁴ a; ² e, ² u, ou.

¹ creep	³ al'so	¹ fourth	² sec'ond
² sixth	wa ters	o ver	sev enth
fifth	call ed	⁴ cat'tle	end ed
with out'	pow er	² a part'	rest ed
fish'és	² up on'	⁴ a bove	heav en

HOW THE WORLD WAS MADE.

1. God made all things in six days. At first there was no sun, nor moon, nor stars; and the earth was very dark, and without form.

2. Then God said, "Let there be light;" and there was light. This was the work of the first day.

3. On the second day, God made the sky, or the heavens.

4. On the third day, he made the dry land, or earth; and he brought the waters into one place, apart from the land, and called them seas. On the same day, also, he made the earth bring forth grass, and seeds, and trees of all kinds.

5. On the fourth day, he made the sun, moon, and stars, to give light upon the earth.

6. On the fifth day, he made all kinds of fishes that swim in the waters; and all kinds of fowls that fly above the earth.

7. On the sixth day, God made a ¹ kinds of beasts, and of cattle, and of things ² that creep upon the ground. On the same day, he made man also; and gave him power over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over all things that creep upon the earth.

8. And on the seventh day, God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which ¹ had made.

QUESTIONS.—1. Who made all things? In how many days? 2. What did God make on the first day? 3. On the second? 4. On the third? 5. On the fourth? 6. On the fifth? 7. On the sixth? 8. What did God do on the seventh day.

LESSON V.

¹ a, ³ o, ⁴ a; ² a, ³ a, ² u; ² i, ² e, ou.

¹ loaf	shout	³ shop	² bent
¹ meal	town	hon'est	³ al'ways
¹ e'ven	² aft'er	² hun gry	bought
piec es	fa ther	mon ey	lit tle
be gan'	val ue	ba ker	mis take'

A STORY ABOUT AN HONEST MAN.

1. One day a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat in the shade of a tree near a large town. The father took a loaf of bread, which

he had bought in town, and gave half of it to his boy.

2. "Not so, father," said the boy, "I shall not eat till after you. You have been at work hard all day; and I am sure you are very hungry. I will not eat till you are done."

3. "You are kind, my son," said the father, "and your love for me does me more good than my food; but I think you are as hungry as I am, and I do not like to eat unless you eat with me. So take this piece of bread, and sit down by my side, and eat it."



4. "Thank you, father; but cut this piece in two, and you take a little more; for you see the loaf is not large, and you need much more than I do."

5. "I will cut the loaf for you, my boy, but I shall not eat any more than this piece which I have here. Now let us give thanks to God for his care of us, and for this food which he gives us."

6. The father and son gave thanks to God, and then began their plain meal. But as they cut a part of their loaf, there fell out eight or ten pieces of gold, of great value.

7. The little boy gave a shout of joy, sprung up, and was about to take the money, when he was drawn back by his father: "My son, my son, do not touch that money; it is not ours."

8. "But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?"

9. "I do not know whose it is, but I think it must have been put in the loaf by the baker through some mistake. We must ask him if he knows any thing about it."

10. "But, father," said the boy, "you are poor; you have bought this loaf; and I cannot see why it would be wrong to keep the gold that you have found in it. And then if we ask the baker, he may tell a lie, and—"

11. "Stop, stop, my boy; you must not talk thus. It is true, we are poor, very poor; but that is no sin. We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die for want of food, but let us do right, even if we die in doing it.

12. "But we need not fear that, for God, who feeds the little birds, will feed us and take care of us, if we trust in him, and always try to do right.

13. "I bought the loaf, as you say, but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker put it there by mistake, it would not be honest for us to keep it. It would not be doing to him as we would have him do to us.

14. "The baker may tell a lie, but that is no reason why we should not be honest. Now, run to town, find the baker, and bring him here; and I will watch the gold till he comes."

15. The boy did as his father told him, and soon came back with the baker.

16. "My friend," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money. See this gold, which we found in the loaf that I bought of you. Is it yours? If it is, take it with you."

17. "You are an honest man," said the baker; "and my friend Gray spoke the truth, when he said there was not a more honest man in town than you.

18. "Now, I will tell you about the gold: A man came to my shop a few days since, and gave me a loaf of bread, and told me to sell or give it to the most honest poor man whom I knew.

19. "I told James to ask you to come to my shop; and, as you would not let me give you the loaf, I sold it to you for the last piece of money that you had. The loaf, with all the gold that you have found in it, is yours; and God grant that it may do you much good."

20. The poor father bent his head to the ground, while the tears fell from his eyes.

21. His boy ran and put his arms about his neck, and said, "I will always, like you, my father, trust in God, and do what is right; for I am sure he will never let us come to want."

QUESTIONS.—1. What did the father give to his son? 2. Why did the boy wish his father to eat first? 6. What did they find in the loaf of bread? 10. Why did the boy wish to have his father keep the gold? Did the father think it would be right to keep the money? 17. What did the baker say to the man?

LESSON VI.

¹ a, ² i, ² e; ³ o, ² u, ¹ o; ¹ i, ¹ e, ³ u.

crept	¹ o'pen	Ma ¹ 'ry	ju ² mp'ed
perch	drove	mak ing	lov ed
gen'tle	kind ¹ 'ness	train ed	chirp
³ con duct	¹ treat ed	² pick ing	in tent'
hop ping	³ puss y	pret ty	a way ¹ '

MARY AND HER PETS.

1. Mary had a very pretty little bird, which was so tame that she did not keep it in a cage, but let it fly just where it chose.

2. Most birds will fly away to the woods when they are let out of the cage, but Mary's did not; for she was so kind and so gentle with it, that it did not seem to like to leave her at all.

3. Mary also had a fine large cat, which she had trained to be very gentle with her little bird; so that they were very good friends.

4. Mary loved her pets very much, and always treated them with great kindness. She thought no cat was so wise, so good, and so pretty as her large gray pussy; and she thought no bird could sing so sweet a song as her bird Dick, as she called him.

5. When she was at work, old puss would sit at her feet and pur; while little Dick would perch on the stand close by her side, and cheer her with as pretty a song as he knew how to sing.

6. If she went out to play or to walk, her cat and her bird were sure to be with her. The cat would walk by her side, and the little bird would fly from bush to bush, and chirp, and sing, and flap its little wings, and seem so full of joy and life.

7. At one time he would rest on Mary's head, while he sung her a song; and then he would fly down, and perch upon the back of old puss, and chirp to her, as if he would say, "Now, miss pussy, I will take a short ride on your back, and pay you with a song, if you please."

8. At such times old puss would not bite him, nor try to drive him away; but would be as gentle with him as if he had been one of her own little kits.

9. One day little Dick was hopping about the room picking up crumbs, when the cat, which sat on the rug, sprang up, caught him in her mouth, and jumped with him upon the stand.

10. Mary thought that old puss meant to kill her little bird; she rose from her chair and went to her in great haste, but when she was about to try to take it away from her, she saw the reason of her strange conduct.

11. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just crept into the room, intent on making a meal of little Dick; and would have done so, if poor pussy had not caught him as she did.

12. Mary drove the strange cat out, when her own jumped from the stand, and put the little bird on the rug, without doing it the least harm.

QUESTIONS.—1. What can you say about Mary's bird? 2. Why did the little bird like to stay with Mary? 4. What did Mary think about her pets? 9. What did the cat do to the bird? 11. Why did puss do this? 12. What did puss do when Mary drove out the strange cat?

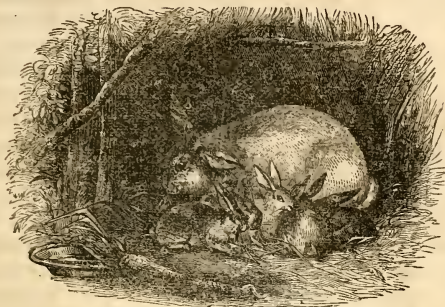
LESSON VII.

² e, ⁴ a, ¹ i; ² i, ¹ o, ¹ e; ² u, ² a, ³ o.

Hen ² 'ry	a lone ¹ '	turn ²	sis ² 'ters
ma ¹ 'ny	a like ¹ '	oth ² 'er	in ¹ 'stance
hap ⁴ 'py	laugh ² 'ing (laf ² 'ing)	broth ² 'ers	chick ¹ 'ens
rab ³ 'bits	oft ³ 'en (of ³ 'n)	some ¹ 'thing	mo ¹ 'ment
Li ¹ 'on	e nough ¹ ' (e nuf ² '')	in deed ¹ '	keep ¹ 'ing

THE RABBITS.

Henry. Stop a moment, father; I have something to say to you.



Father. Well, what is it?

Henry. Why, I want to talk to you about keeping a rabbit. I saw a great many the other day, when I was in the woods; and John says he will get me a very pretty young one, if you will let me keep it.

Father. But what could you do with a rabbit, my son, if you had one? You could not hold it in your hands always, and if you let it go, it would soon run away to its home in the woods. And I fear that old Lion, who barks at the cats and chickens, and all that come in his way, would soon make an end of the little rabbit.

Henry. Oh no, father, for I have thought of all that. I will tell you what I can do: I can clean out the nice little box which I have, and cut a

hole in the side of it, so that the rabbit can see out, and let the little thing live in it for a house.

Father. A fine house indeed! So the poor little rabbit, which has always run about in the wild woods, and had so many other little rabbits to play with, must come and live all alone in a box hardly large enough for it to turn round in.

Henry. O father, I am sure you do not mean what you say. Why if I were a rabbit, I should like very much to live in a little house all alone, and have my food brought to me; and to see the boy who fed me so fond of me, and hear him say, "Pretty rabbit! O pretty rabbit!"

Father. Indeed! well, if you would like that so much, I will tell you what I will do for you. I will have the little chicken-house made quite neat and clean; and will have a stand and a chair put in it, and a little hole cut in the door, so that you can look out.

Then I will take you away from your brothers and sisters, and shut you up in this nice little house. Some one shall take you cakes, bread, and meat; and I will go very often and look at you through the hole, and say, "Pretty Henry! O pretty Henry!" That would make you very happy, would it not?

Henry. Ah, father, I see you are laughing at me. To be sure, I should not like that at all; but boys, you know, are not like rabbits.

Father. In some things they are not, I know. For instance, it would never come into a rabbit's head to take a little boy away from his friends, and shut him up in some dark hole in the woods, just to look at. But in some things boys and rabbits are very much alike.

Henry. How so, father?

Father. Why, they both like to run about where they please, and breathe the fresh air; and I do not think one would like, any more than the other, to be shut up in a small box.

Henry. Ah, father, you are always right, and I am almost always wrong. I will not take the poor little rabbit; I will let it stay in the woods, where it will be more happy than it would be in any place that I could put it.

Father. That is right, my dear boy; and since you are so kind as to give up the wish to keep a rabbit, we will take a ride through the woods, where we may see the rabbits at play with each other; and this, I think, will please you more than it would to have a great many of them shut up in your box.

QUESTIONS.—What did Henry wish to keep? Where did he say he would put it? What did Henry say he thought he would like, if he was a rabbit? What did his father say he would do for him? Did Henry think he would like that? Are boys and rabbits alike? In what respect?

LESSON VIII.

³ o, ¹ a, ² e; ¹ o, ² u, ou; ¹ e, ² a, ² o.

³ loss	² tricks	¹ go'ing	¹ be'ing
¹ trade	strips	sto ny	² ev er
a'ble	sick'ly	² burnt	¹ try'ing
² e vent'	liv ed	sup ply'	² starv ing
de vour	in jure	num'ber	² school mates

BE KIND.

1. Boys and girls, if you wish to be happy, and make others happy, be kind. Be kind to your father and mother, your brothers and sisters, and your schoolmates. Be kind to your cats and dogs, your birds, and all that you have about you.

2. If you are kind, you can do much good: you can ease the pains of those who are sick; you can cheer the hearts of those who are sad. I am going to tell you a story of a boy whose name was Henry, to show you what can be done by kindness.

3. When Henry was ten years of age, the house in which he and his friends lived was burnt, and his father was burnt with it. By this sad event, Henry, his mother, and his two sisters, were left without a home, without money, and almost without clothes.

4. His mother was sickly, and his sisters

were very young; so there was no one to earn money for them but Henry. Not being able to get work, he went from door to door to beg for money, bread, or any thing to keep his mother and sisters from starving.

5. But he could not get much in this way, and it made poor Henry's kind heart very sad, to see his sickly mother grow more sickly, and his little sisters grow thin and pale for the want of food.

6. Henry saw that he must find some other way of making money, or they would all starve; so he thought of a new plan. He made, with small strips of boards, a large cage in which he could keep birds.

7. When spring came, he went to the woods, caught young birds, took them home, and put them in this cage. This he did, day by day, till he had a great number of the dear little things.

8. He then went to town, and sold them for pets; and when he had sold one cage full, he caught more in the same way. By this trade in birds, he was able to make money enough to keep his mother and sisters from starving, but not enough to supply all their wants.

9. For some time he was at a loss to know how he should make more money. At last he thought he would try to train a young cat to live in the midst of his birds without doing them any harm.

10. And so great was his kindness to his cat,

that, in a short time, he trained him to live, to eat, to drink, and to sleep in the same cage with his little pets, without ever trying to devour or injure them.

11. The cat would let the birds play all kinds of tricks with him, and would never touch them with his claws, nor try to injure them in any other way.

QUESTIONS.—3. What took place when Henry was ten years of age? 4. In what way did he try to keep his mother and sisters from starving? 4. Why did he not work? 7. In what other way did he try to make money? 8. Could he make as much as he wished in this way? 9. What did he do next?

LESSON IX.

¹ e, ² u, ¹ o; ¹ i, ¹ a, ⁴ a; ³ o, ² i, ³ a.

¹ teach	² rush	¹ graves	³ taught
peace	months	break	⁴ sad'ly
beaks	¹ forth	³ spot	sad dest
pleas'ed	strokes	cof'fin	² per sons
sleep ing	di'ed	² mid dle	ap ¹ pear'

BE KIND.

(CONCLUDED)

1. Henry not only taught his cat and his little birds to live in peace with each other, but he even went so far as to teach them to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its part.

2. Puss was taught to lie down, and appear



to be sleeping, when the door of the cage would be thrown open, and the little birds would rush out upon him, and try to wake him by strokes of their beaks. But he would keep very still, and not appear to know that the little birds were about him.

3. At other times he would take his stand in the middle of the cage, and look as if he meant to catch and devour all the little birds; but still they did not appear to fear him in the least, for they would even light on his back, and sit like a crown on his head, and chirp and sing as if they were in the wild woods.

4. When they could play these tricks, and many others, Henry took them to a large town to show them. The sight of the cat in the

midst of a cage of birds, was so new and so queer, that a great many persons came to see the strange show.

5. And they were very much pleased when they saw the cat and birds play their games, but they were still more pleased when they heard Henry call each bird by its name, and saw it fly to him, till all were on his head, his arms, and his hands.

6. All who came to see Henry's pets were so well pleased with them, and with his kindness to them, that they gave him a great deal of money; and in the course of a few days he was able to give his mother and sisters a sum large enough to supply their wants for many months.

7. Henry was now very happy; and by his kindness he had made his mother and his sisters very happy too. But now comes the saddest part of the story; Henry ate some greens which made him very sick, and in spite of all that could be done for him, he died in a few days.

8. While he was sick, his cat would not leave him for a moment, and his birds flew round his bed. Some would fly back and forth above his head, while others would not only perch, but would even lie down on the bed close to his face, and chirp so sadly, just as if their little hearts would break.

9. When poor Henry was put into his coffin, one of his birds flew round and round it, and at last sat upon the lid. They took it away a number of times, but it still came back, and,

in spite of all they could do, kept its place on the coffin till they took it to the place of graves.

10. Then it flew to a tree near at hand, and sat there to watch where they laid its friend; and when the crowd had gone, it left the spot no more, unless it was to go to the house of his mother for food. Day after day it sat on a tree where it could look upon his grave; and there it lived, and there it died, about four months after the death of Henry.

QUESTIONS.—1. What did Henry teach his cat and birds to do? 2. and 3. Can you tell what puss and the birds would do? 6. What did Henry do with the money that he made by showing his birds and cat? 7. What happened to Henry? 8. Did his cat and birds appear to be sorry because he was sick? 8. What did they do? 9. and 10. What can you say about the bird that perched on the coffin-lid?

LESSON X.

²u, ¹a, ¹e; ²i, ¹o, ³a; ²e, ou, ²a.

² sunk	² riv'er	her ² self'	² ask'ed
¹ play'ed	chil'dren	for get'	par'don
¹ screams	wick'ed	a gain'	sor'ry
² les'son	¹ low'er	be fore'	tri'ed
heav'y	³ fall'ing	ac count'	be tween'

THE BOAT.

1. I once knew two little children, whose names were John and Mary. The house in which they lived stood on the bank of a fine

river, very wide and deep; and between the house and the river there was a very pretty lawn.

2. One day James and Mary said, "Father, will you let us go out and play upon the lawn?"

3. "Yes, my children," said the father, "you may go out and take a good run on the green grass: it will do you good. But you must not go too near the bank of the river, nor on any account get into the boat which is there."

4. "We will mind what you say, dear father," said the happy children, and away they went. They played upon the smooth green lawn, till by and by they came very near the river, which was so clear and bright, that they could hardly keep from looking at it all the time.

5. At last John said, "Oh look, Mary! see what a pretty boat is there!"

6. "Yes," said Mary, "but we must not go near it, for you know father told us to be sure to keep away from the boat."

7. "He only meant that we should not get into it," said John. "He did not mean that we should not go near enough to look at it. Come, let us go down to it, for I am sure there is no harm in looking at a boat."

8. So to the river side they went. The boat was a very pretty boat indeed, dark green, with a black edge; and the side of it was so close to the shore, that it was only a short step from the bank into the boat.

9. "Oh, how I should like to get into this pretty boat!" said little John.

10. "But," said Mary, "that would be doing what father told us not to do."

11. "I will not get into the boat," said John: "I will sit down on the bank, and only put my feet into it."

12. John did not stop to think that this would be very wrong; so he sat down on the bank, and put his feet into the boat. As soon as he did this, the boat began to move away. The poor child sprang up, and in a moment fell into the river, between the boat and the shore.

13. The water was deep, and he sunk out of sight, but soon came up again, when his sister bent down, caught him by the coat, and tried to pull him out.

14. But this she could not do, for the water made his clothes so heavy, that he sunk lower and lower; and the poor girl saw that she must soon let him go down again, or be drawn into the water herself.

15. Just at this moment, two men, going home from their work, saw her, heard her screams, and ran to her. They came up just as Mary, in trying to save her brother, was falling into the water herself; and while one caught her, the other drew John out of the river. They took them both home, but it was some time before John could speak.

16. How glad Mary was, when she saw her little brother breathe again! and how sorry

both the children were, that they did not mind their father! They asked his pardon, and told him they would never be so wicked again. It was a very good lesson for them, and they did not forget it.

QUESTIONS.—1. Where did John and Mary live? 3. What did their father tell them not to do? 12. Did John disobey his father? 13. What befell him? 15. How was he saved from drowning?

LESSON XI.

b, d; g, j; z, ²z.

² dumb	¹ neat'ly	³ prop'er	look'ing
un'der	mean'ing	watch'es	good'ness
¹ dan'ger	shel'ter	morn'ing	cru' ¹ el
ba'by	feath'ers	be'gin's	pro vide'
⁴ hatch'ed	earn'est	it self' ²	com plain'

THE BIRD'S NEST.

1. These children have found a bird's nest, and are looking at it as if they were very much pleased. I hope they are not going to rob it. If they have any such thought, I would say, "Stop a moment, and hear what I am going to tell you."

2. A bird's nest is a very nice thing—so neatly made, and so pretty. You have little hands with which you can do a great many things, yet I think you would not be able to



make a bird's nest, if you should try for a month.

3. The bird has no hands; it has only a little beak to work with: is it not strange, then, that it can make so neatly what you cannot make at all?

4. When I look at birds or their nests, there are two things that appear very plain to me: one is, the great goodness of God, who shows the little bird how to make her nest, and takes care that she shall find proper things to make it with; and who puts green leaves on the trees to shelter it from the cold wind and the hot sun.

5. The other thing is, the great love which the poor bird must have for its young ones, since it takes such very great pains to provide a warm house for them.

6. You see the bird never makes a bed for itself. No; when night comes, it sits on the branch of a tree, pops its little head under its wing, and sleeps away till the morning sun begins to shine, and then it wakes and sings.

7. But when the bird is about to make a nest for its young, it sets itself to work in earnest. It makes it of straw, hay, or little sticks; and lines it with soft wool, fine hair, or feathers.

8. And then it lays its eggs, and sits upon them till they are hatched; when it flies far and near to find bugs, seeds, and small worms, for its young ones. It comes back to the nest, feeds them, sits over them to keep them warm, and chirps and sings to them till they go to sleep.

9. My dear little boy, or little girl, maybe your mother, your aunt, or some one of your friends has a baby. You see how she loves it, how she feeds it and puts it to sleep, and how she watches over it and guards it from danger.

10. And when it begins to go alone, how pleased she is! How she watches its little steps, and how happy she is, when it can take a few steps without falling on its little nose!

11. Now, what if a strange man should come, when the mother is away, and catch up her little baby, and run off with it?

12. Do you not think the mother would almost break her heart at the loss of it? And do you not think her joy would be great, if some one should run after the man, take it away from him, and bring it back to her?

14. The man who would steal a child is both wicked and cruel; and do you not think it would be just as wicked and cruel for you to rob a poor bird of her young?

15. Not a word can the bird say; it is dumb; though its little heart may break, it cannot complain to you; but there is one who knows the meaning of each sad chirp it gives.

16. God, who watches over all things, does not forget the little birds; he hears them when they cry, he gives them food, and he always knows when any cruel boy robs them or kills them.

QUESTIONS.—What is this story about? 2. Can you make a bird's nest? 4. Who takes care of the little birds? 6. Why does the little bird make a nest? 8. What does the old bird do for the young ones? 14. Do you think it would be right to rob the poor bird of her young? 16. Who hears the cries of the little birds?

LESSON XII.

b, d; g, j; z, z.

² yard	¹ us'ed	² Dun'can	¹ tak'ing
chance	¹ teach'er	run'ning	care'ful
ought (³ at)	hear'ing	hund'red	chop'ping
² kill'ed	creat'ure	⁴ hap'pen	² pleas'ant
pick'ed	loud'er	Tab'by	³ a long'

TRUE DUNCAN AND THE CAT.

1. Once there was a boy whose name was Duncan. The boys used to call him *True* Duncan, because he would never tell a lie.

2. One day he was chopping a stick of wood in the yard, when his teacher's cat, Tabby, came along; and, without meaning to do it, he let the axe fall right on Tabby's head, and killed her.

3. She was a pet of the teacher, and used to sit at his side while he was hearing lessons. Duncan stood and looked at the dead creature; his face grew red, tears stood in his eyes, and he hardly knew what to do.

4. All the boys came running up, and each one had something to say. One of them said to the others, "Now, boys we shall see that Duncan, *true* as he is called, can make up as pretty a story as the rest of us."

5. "Not he!" said Henry Wise, who was Duncan's friend; "and if you knew him as well as I do, you would not say so. Duncan will not tell a lie; he will be true as gold."

6. John Gray came up, and taking the cat by the tail, said, "Here, boys, I will just throw her into the road, and if the teacher asks us about her, we can tell him that a dog killed her."

7. Some of them thought this would do very well, but it did not please Duncan at all. "No!" said he; "no! Do you think I would tell a *lie* for such a creature as that? It would be a *lie*, a LIE!" and each time he said the word, his voice grew louder.

8. Then he picked up the poor thing, and took it to the school-room; and all the boys went with him to see what would happen.

9. The teacher looked up as they came in, and said, "What is this? my gentle Tabby dead? Who could have done such a cruel thing?"

10. No one spoke for a moment or two; but as soon as Duncan could get his voice, he said: "I am very sorry; but here is the truth—I cannot tell a lie, sir: I killed your cat.

11. "I ought to have been more careful, for I saw her when she came along by the stick. I am very sorry, indeed, that I have killed old Tabby, but I did not mean to do it."

12. All the boys thought the teacher would take down his long rod, and they began to feel very sorry for the honest boy.

13. With a pleasant smile, the teacher said—"Duncan, you are a brave boy. I saw and heard all that took place in the yard from my room. I do not regard the loss of my cat, since it gives me such a good chance to show to my school how much I love those boys that always tell the truth.

14. "A hundred cats like Tabby could not please me half so much, as it does to be able to say that I have at least one boy in my school who never tells a lie."

QUESTIONS.—1. By what name did the boys call Duncan? 1. Why did they give him that name? 4. What did one of the boys say about Duncan? 4. What did he mean by that? 6. What did the boys propose to do with the cat? 7. Was Duncan pleased with the plan? 7. Why not? 8. What did he do with the cat? 10. Who told the teacher how the cat was killed? 13. Can you tell what the teacher said?

LESSON XIII.

l, m; n, ng; v, th.

sho ² es	i ¹ dle	prom ³ pt	cloth ¹ 'ed
breath ²	kind ¹ 'ly	stop ¹ 'ped	pu ¹ 'pil
earl ¹ 'y	la ¹ 'zy	prog ¹ 'ress	sit ² 'ting
rath ⁴ 'er	pay ¹ 'ing	fur ² 'ther	will ¹ 'ing
be came ¹ '	seem ¹ 'ed	com ¹ 'ing	use ¹ 'ful

THE ORPHAN.

1. As Henry and Mary were going to school one pleasant morning, they saw a little girl coming along the road, who seemed very weak, for she stopped and sat down on a log by the side of the road. Her dress was poor, her head was bare, and her feet were without shoes.

2. Henry and Mary had very kind hearts; and the sight of this poor little girl, with cheeks so pale and thin, and looks so sad, was almost enough to bring tears to their eyes.

3. When they came along to the place where she was sitting, Henry kindly asked her if she was ill. "No" said the little girl, "but I am very hungry; I have not had any thing to eat for two days, and I fear I shall die if I do not get some food soon."

4. "Poor girl!" said Mary; "I am very sorry for you: sit here while I run and speak to my mother, and I think we can find some way to help you."



5. "Oh, mother," said Mary, as she came into the house almost out of breath, "there is such a poor little girl sitting by the side of the road! she is very weak, very poor, and very hungry. Will you let me bring her into the house, and give her some food and clothes?"

6. "I am not sure," said the mother, "that it would be proper to ask her to come in, or even to give her food and clothes; for she may be an idle, lazy girl, who would rather beg than work.

7. "It is not true kindness to give any thing to such persons, for it does not help them, but only makes them worse, and is just the same thing as paying them for being idle and lazy."

8. "But, mother, she does not seem to be such a girl as that," said Mary. "I am sure she

would work, if she only had a chance, and was well enough."

9. "Well, if you think so, you may go back and ask her to come in; and if she is an honest girl and in want, we must try to help her."

10. Mary was very much pleased to hear her mother say this; and off she ran to the poor girl, who was still sitting by the side of the road. "Come with us," said Mary, "and we will give you some clothes, and something to eat."

11. "Thank you!" said the poor girl; and as she rose to go with them, the two children saw that she was so weak that she could hardly walk; so Mary took hold of one arm, and Henry the other, and thus they led her to their house.

12. Mary's mother was a kind lady; and when she saw how weak the little girl was, she felt very sorry for her. She gave her some food, dressed her in clean clothes, and took her to Mary's room, and told her to lie down on the bed and rest herself.

QUESTIONS.—1. What is this story about? 1. Where did Henry and Mary see the orphan girl? 3. What did Henry ask her? 3. What reply did she make? 5. What did Mary ask her mother to permit her to do? 6. Can you tell what her mother said? 7. Is it true kindness to give to lazy people? 7. Why not? 10. What pleased Mary? 12. What did the kind lady do for the poor girl?

LESSON XIV.

¹a, ²a, ³a, ⁴a; ¹e, ²e, ¹i, ²i; ¹o, ²o, ³o; ¹u, ²u, ³u.

b, d; g, j; z, ²z; l, m; n, ng; v, th.

THE ORPHAN.

(CONCLUDED)

1. When little Susan (for that was the poor girl's name) had slept two or three hours, she rose from the bed, and said that she felt much better, and was able to walk again.

2. "But where are you going?" asked the lady kindly. "Have you no father nor mother, to take care of you?"

3. "No," said the little girl sadly; "my father and mother are both dead, and I have no home nor friends. But I hope I shall soon find some way to earn enough to buy my clothes, and to keep me from starving.

4. "Ever since my father died, I have been trying to get work, but have not found any yet. Some call me a lazy, wicked girl, and drive me away from their doors; and others say that I am too small to work, and cannot earn enough to pay for my food and clothes.

5. "This morning I was so weak and so hungry, that I could go no farther; but now, thanks to your kindness, I feel quite strong again."

6. "But what do you mean to do?" asked the lady. "You cannot live without food and

shelter; and I fear it will not be easy for you to find a place to work."

7. "I will do all I can, and pray to God for help."

8. "Ah! who taught you that?"

9. "My father."

10. "Your father?"

11. "Yes," said little Susan. "Just before he died he called me to him, and said, 'Susan, I must leave you: I am going to die; but if you are a good girl, God will still be with you. He will be your father, will provide for you, will keep you from all danger, and will never leave you.'"

12. "I am glad to hear that you have been so well taught," said the lady. "I want to get a little girl to help me about my house; and since you seem so willing to work, I will take you, and keep you as long as you are a good girl."

13. Susan was very glad to find a place at last; and she was so prompt, and so willing to do what she was told, that she soon began to make herself very useful. The lady was very kind to her; she clothed her, taught her to work, and sent her to school.

14. When Susan went to school, she did not spend any idle moments at home or in the school room; but she always tried to get her lessons well.

15. She was at her books early and late; and so great was her progress, that in the course of

a few years she became a teacher in the very school in which she had once been a pupil.

16. But when Susan became a young lady, and was able to provide for herself, she did not forget her early friends—Henry, Mary, and their mother.

17. She loved them still, and thought she could never do enough, nor thank them enough for their great kindness to her when she was a poor little girl, without money and without friends.

QUESTIONS.—1. How did Susan feel after sleeping? 2. What did the lady ask her? 3. What was Susan's reply? 4. What had she been doing since her father's death? 11. What did Susan's father say to her before he died? 12. What pleased the lady? 12. What did she say she would do? 13. Was Susan willing to work? 13. In what way was the lady kind to her? 15. What did Susan become in the course of a few years? 16. Did she forget her early friends?

LESSON XV.

p, t; s, ch; th, sh.

² desk	¹ rude	¹ wove	² win'dow
treads	threw	floor	rib'bon
³ frock	strews	bro'ken	thim'ble
spoil	¹ nee'dle	sew'ing	² mus'lin
¹ care'less	pieces	⁴ hand'some	cous'ins

THE CARELESS GIRL.

1. Jane Grant is a very careless girl. She does not take care of any thing that she has. She strews the floor with her playthings, and

does not pick them up, and so she often treads on them and breaks them.

2. When she has done sewing, she does not put away her needle and thread, but she lets them drop on the floor; and when she wants them again, she does not know where to find them.

3. Her mother once bought her a very handsome doll. It was dressed in a white muslin frock, with a blue belt; and it wore blue shoes and a straw hat with a blue ribbon. Jane was very much pleased with it, and said she would be very careful of it.

4. But she very soon let it fall from a window in the second story, and its nose and arms were broken off.

5. After this, Jane did not care so much about her doll; and when her little cousins came to see her, she brought it out for them to play with, and being very small children, they soon tore off all its clothes.

6. Jane then said she would use it for a ball, and she threw it from one end of the room to the other, till it was quite broken to pieces.

7. In a few days Jane asked for a new doll, but her mother would not get one for her. "As long as you are so careless," said her mother, "I shall not buy you a doll, nor any other pretty plaything."

8. Let little children learn to be careful of all things. If they do not, their friends will not love them, nor buy them handsome playthings.

9. Let them learn to be careful of their clothes and their books, for it is wicked to waste even a very small thing. When they go to school, they must not be careless about their desks. They must not leave a part of their books in the desk, and a part on the top of it; but they must place them all in their desks, where they may be kept neat and clean.

QUESTIONS.—1. What can you say of Jane Grant? 3. What did her mother buy her? 3. Can you tell how it was dressed? 4. What happened to the doll? 8. What should little children learn? Will you all try to be careful of your books and clothes?

LESSON XVI.

b, d; g, j; l, m.

tir' ¹ ed	ānts ²	tak' ¹ en	wheth' ² er
climb' ¹ ed	larg' ¹ er	chang' ¹ ed	spread
find' ¹ ing	branch' ¹ es	call' ³ ed	earth' ¹ y
be hind' ¹	sol' ³ id	form' ¹ ed	no'tice ¹
mix' ² ing	per haps ⁴	mat'ter ⁴	flow'ers

THE WALK.

Teacher. Well, my little friends, where have you been this pleasant morning, to find so many pretty flowers?

Mary. Oh, sir, we have had such a long walk. We climbed the hill behind our house, and after going all over the top of it, we went down the other side, and came home through the green fields which lie along the bank of the river.



Teacher. That was a long walk, indeed; but did you find it pleasant?

Mary. Oh yes, sir, very pleasant. It was rather hard to climb the hill, yet we found so many new things to look at, that we had no time to think of being tired. We hardly took a step without finding something that pleased us.

Teacher. Will you give me some account of what you saw that pleased you so much?

Mary. Yes, sir, we will do so as well as we can. While we were going up the hill, the first strange sight that we saw, was six small ants trying to take a worm up the side of a dead tree, into their hole.

Two of the ants took hold of one end of the worm, two hold of the other, and two hold of

the middle. The worm was a great deal larger than all the ants; but, large and heavy as it was, they did not give up till they had it safe in their nest.

Teacher. I am glad to see that you do not think an ant is too small or too mean to notice; for from these six little creatures, which you stopped to look at, we may all learn a very useful lesson.

You see the little ants did not take the worm a part of the way, and then leave it because it was heavy, or because they were tired; but they kept at work till they had it neatly put away in their storehouse.

This may teach us to be in earnest in all that we try to do, and never to give up any thing that we begin till it is well done. Well, little Kate, can you tell me something that you saw?

Kate. Yes, sir. We saw a dear little bird on the top of the hill. It was hopping along on the ground, trying to find a worm, I think; for it soon picked up something, and flew away into the top of a tall tree, where we could not see it any more.

Henry. And we saw a great tree, with a hole in the middle of it so large that we could all stand in it; and yet the tree was not dead, for the leaves looked as green and fresh as ever. Will you have the kindness to tell us how a tree can live when it has lost its heart?

Teacher. I will try, though I am not sure that I shall be able to do so without making use of some hard words. In the first place, I must

tell you how trees eat, and then it will be an easy matter for you to see why a tree still lives when its heart is gone.

Jane. Why, trees do not eat, do they?

Teacher. Yes; if they did not, they would soon die. All plants must have their proper food, as well as boys and girls.

Henry. But how can they eat without mouths? They have no mouths, have they?

Teacher. Yes, they have mouths; but not like ours. There are very small pores or holes at the ends of their roots, which we may call their mouths; for through these are drawn from the earth those things which feed the whole tree, and make it grow.

Kate. Have they any teeth in their little mouths?

Teacher. Well done, little Kate; I am glad to hear you ask that. No, they have no teeth; and they do not need any: for their food is not solid or hard like ours, but is thin, like water. It is called sap; and is formed by mixing earthy and other kinds of matter with water.

Henry. I should think that would be rather weak food for strong oaks.

Teacher. Not so weak, perhaps, as you think. It is from this sap that the stem or trunk, the leaves and branches, and all other parts of the tree, are formed. Small tubes like straws, though not larger than hairs, run from the roots through the trunk and branches into the leaves.

The sap is drawn from the earth by the little

mouths at the ends of the roots, and taken up through these tubes, and spread all through the branches and leaves of the trees. Here it is changed by light and air, and then a part of it goes back to the roots, and a part goes to form new wood.

Henry. But if the tree is full of little tubes which serve to take the sap up and down, how can it live when a great many of them are gone, as they were in the tree which we saw this morning?

Teacher. Ah, that is the very thing I wish to show you. I ought to have told you, that the sap goes up through that part of the tree next to the bark, called the sap wood, and not through the middle or heart wood.

Mary. But the sap goes down through the heart wood, does it not?

Teacher. No; it flows down between the bark and the wood; and this is the place where the new wood is formed. So you see, if the bark and the sap wood are both sound, it is no matter whether the tree has any heart or not.

I meant to have told you the names of your pretty flowers; but it has taken so long to talk about the old tree, that I shall not have time to do it now.

QUESTIONS.—Where did the children go? Did they find the walk pleasant? In going up the hill, what did they see? What did the teacher say might be learned from the little ants? What did little Kate see? What question did Henry ask about the hollow tree? Can you tell in what part of the tree the sap goes up? Will a tree live and grow when the heart is decayed?

LESSON XVII.

n, r; v, w; y, z.

sl ¹ 'ly	sil ² 'ly	sound'ly	fier ¹ ce
qui'et	wish'ed	howl'ed	danc ² 'ed
mind'ed	frisk'ed	rush'ing	frock ³
noth ³ 'ing	car ⁴ 'ry	par ¹ 'ents	wan'der
out side ¹ '	fool'ish	ev ² 'er y	shep ² 'herd

THE FOOLISH LAMB.

A FABLE.

1. There was once a shepherd, who had a great many sheep and lambs. He took a great deal of care of them, and gave them sweet fresh grass to eat, and clear water to drink.

2. If they were sick, he was very good to them; and when they climbed up a steep hill, and the lambs were tired, he used to carry them in his arms.

3. Every night, when it grew dark and cool, this kind shepherd called his sheep and lambs, and drove them all into a fold, and shut them in. There they lay as snug and warm as could be, and nothing could get in to hurt them.

4. The dogs lay outside to guard them, and to bark if any one came near. When the morning came, the shepherd let them all out again, and took them along the bank of some quiet stream, where they could get pure water and fresh grass.

5. Now, these lambs were all very happy, and loved the good shepherd very much; all but one foolish little lamb, which did not like to be shut up every night in the fold.

6. This little lamb came to her mother, who was a wise old sheep, and said to her, "I do not see why we are shut up every night; the dogs are not shut up, and why should we be?"

7. "I think it is very hard, and I mean to get away, if I can. I like to run about where I please; and I think it is very pleasant in the woods by moonlight."

8. Then the old sheep said to her, "You are very silly, you little lamb; you had better stay in the fold. The shepherd is so good to us, that we should always do as he bids us; and if you wander about alone, I dare say you will come to some harm."

9. "I dare say not," said the little lamb. So when night came, and the shepherd called them all to come into the fold, she would not come, but slyly crept between two large logs, and hid herself.

10. When the rest of the lambs were in the fold sleeping soundly, she came out, and jumped, and frisked, and danced about. After running about in the open fields for some time, she went to the woods; and she had played there only a few moments, when a very fierce wolf came rushing out of a dark cave, and howled very loud.

11. Now the silly lamb wished she had been

shut up in the fold; but the fold was a great way off, and before she had run many steps the wolf saw her, caught her, tore her in pieces, and ate her up.

12. So this was the end of the poor little lamb; but if she had minded the good shepherd and the wise old sheep, she would have been sleeping soundly in the sheepfold. Boys and girls, if you wish to keep out of danger, and be happy, do as your parents bid you.

QUESTIONS.—What is this story about? What is a fable? (Let the teacher define this word.) 2. What did the shepherd do when the lambs were sick? 3. Where were the sheep and lambs kept during the night? 6. What did the foolish lamb say to her mother? Do you think a lamb or sheep can talk? Tell me what became of the foolish lamb.

LESSON XVIII.

z, th; ng, b; d, g.

Bi ¹ 'ble	be ³ long'	learn ² 'ed	an ⁴ 'gry
small ³ 'er	con ² fess'	a ⁴ las'	grand ¹ 'ma
mor ¹ 'tar	watch ¹ 'ed	bush ³ 'el	thief ¹
for ² give'	din ² 'ner	show ¹ 'ed	steal ¹ 'ing
for ¹ gave'	win ¹ 'ter	ap ¹ 'ple	trow ¹ 'el

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

John. Grandma, you will never feel the wind at your back again, which gave you a cold last winter. It came through a hole in the wall under the window, and I have stopped it up.



Grandma. Thank you, my boy. But who showed you how to do it? and where did you get the mortar?

John. No one showed me how, grandma; but it is nice, strong mortar, and I have put it in so well that I am sure it will not come out. I watched the men at work on the new house next to ours, and when they went away to their dinner, I got a piece of board, and put some mortar upon it, and brought it home.

One of the men had left his trowel; so I brought that too, and used it, and took it back again before the men came from their dinner. Was not that well done?

Grandma. You meant it very kindly to me, I dare say; but I fear your conduct was not so honest as it was kind.

John. Not honest, grandma? You do not

mean that it was stealing, do you? I would not be a thief for the world.

Grandma. Alas! my boy, I fear you have been a thief for a much smaller matter. But come and stand by my side, and let us talk about it a little. Now, John, tell me what made you watch till the men were gone before you took the trowel and mortar? And why did you carry the trowel back before the men came from their dinner?

John. Because I thought they would not let me have the mortar and trowel.

Grandma. And why would they not have let you take them?

John. Because the mortar was not theirs; and they could not give away what did not belong to them.

Grandma. Well, did the mortar belong to you?

John. No, grandma.

Grandma. Then it is clear that you have taken something that was not yours. When Henry Wise took your ball, what did you say?

John. I called him a thief. But I only had that one ball, and I have never had one since. And there was so much of that mortar; such a heap! I am sure no one would ever miss the little bit that I took.

Grandma. Can you tell me what you learned in your Bible this morning?

John. Yes, grandma; I can say every word of it.

Grandma. Well, let me hear you.

John. "Thou shalt not steal."

Grandma. You see it does not say any thing about little or much. You say no one would miss the little bit of mortar that you took: let us see about that. Do you think I should miss one apple out of the bushel that your aunt sent me?

John. No, grandma, you would not, I am sure. Then, you know, it could do no harm.

Grandma. That is a mistake of yours, my dear boy. It is true, I should not miss the first or second; but if Henry Wise were to come and take one every day till all were gone, what then?

John. Yes, I see now. If taking one would not be stealing, then taking the whole bushel, one apple at a time, would not be stealing. But if Henry Wise were to take all your apples in this way, -I am sure I should call it stealing.

Grandma. And you would be right; for taking any thing that does not belong to you, no matter how small it may be, is stealing. If Henry Wise took your ball without leave, he stole; so if you took just a little bit of mortar, you stole too.

John. Oh, grandma, I am a thief; what shall I do?

Grandma. There is one thing you can do, my child: you can go to the men and confess your fault, and ask them to forgive you.

John. I do not like to do that; they will be so angry with me.

Grandma. Perhaps they will; but we must not let that keep us from doing right. I will go with you, and tell them that you did not know how wicked it was to take their mortar, but that you have now learned that it was stealing, and are willing to ask them to forgive you. But there is something else to be thought of first. Who is it that says, "Thou shalt not steal?"

John. It is God, grandma.

Grandma. Then you have done wrong in the sight of God, too, my dear boy. Does God ever forgive those who steal?

John. Oh, yes! He forgave the thief on the cross.

Grandma. Then you need not fear to ask him to forgive you; and when you have done so, we will go to the men and ask them to forgive you too.

QUESTIONS.—In what way did John show kindness to his grandmother? Where did he get the mortar and trowel? Was it right to take them without permission? What had John learned in the Bible? Can you repeat it? If you should take just one apple that did not belong to you, would it be stealing? Was it stealing for John to take the little bit of mortar? If you were to find a knife which you knew belonged to one of your schoolmates, would it be stealing to keep it? When we see that we have done wrong, what ought we to do?

LESSON XIX.

s, p; t, k; h, f.

see' ¹ ing	look' ¹ ing	health ²	vis' ² it
near' ¹ ly	soon' ² er	break' ¹ fast	wid' ¹ ow
plac' ¹ es	own' ¹ er	sab' ⁴ bath	lin' ¹ ger
fail' ¹ ed	walk' ³ ing	scant' ¹ y	think' ¹ ing
wait' ¹ ing	lon' ³ ger	sup' ² per	suc ² cess'

HENRY IN SEARCH OF A PLACE.

1. "Well, Henry, what success to day?"

2. "Very poor success, mother: I have been nearly all over town, and no one would take me. But I think if you had been with me, I should have stood a better chance. You look so thin and pale, mother, some one would have felt sorry, and so have taken me; but no one knew me, and no one saw you."

3. A tear stole down the cheek of the little boy as he spoke, for his heart was heavy; and when his mother saw it, not a few tears ran down her face also.

4. It was a cold night, and Henry had been out nearly all day looking for a "place." He had tried hard till it was quite dark, and then gave up, thinking his mother must be tired of waiting for him.

5. Henry's mother was a widow, and a very poor one. For a number of years, she had kept

herself and only son by needle-work; but now her health had failed, and she was able to earn nothing.

6. She told her little son to sit down by the fire while she got him some food. The fire and the supper were very scanty; but Henry knew they were the best she could provide, and he felt that he would rather share such a supper with so kind a mother, than to sit down to the best of food with any one else.

7. After supper, Henry said, "Mother, do you think it would be wrong to ask my teacher about a place?"

8. "No, my son; and I think he would be a very proper person to ask, too; and would be very willing to aid you in finding a place, as far as he is able."

9. "Then I will speak to him about it as soon as I have a good chance. He is very kind, and I am sure he will help me if he can."

10. The next morning, Henry's breakfast was more scanty than ever; but he did not say a word about that, for he saw that his mother ate very little of it. Only one or two sticks of wood were left outside of the door, where it was kept; and he knew that both food and fire might all be gone before night.

11. After breakfast he took his books and went to school, and was in his seat just as his teacher came in.

12. In the course of the morning, a young man came to visit the school; and as he was

walking through the school-room, his eyes rested on Henry. "Ah!" said he to the teacher, "I have seen that boy before. What is his name?"

13. "His name is Henry Woods; and he is a very good boy. His mother is sickly, and very poor; and now I think of it, I must not forget to visit them this very day."

14. "I should like to know more about that boy," said the young man; "and I will speak to him after school, if you please." So when school was out, seeing Henry linger behind the other boys, he went up and spoke kindly to him.

15. "You have been coming here to school for a long time—have you not, my boy?"

16. "Yes, sir; it is three years since I came here first."

17. "Did you go to any other school before you came to this?"

18. "Yes, sir; before my father died, I went to school out of town; but since that, I have been here."

19. "Well, did I not see you last night, looking for a place in Water street?"

20. "I was down there looking for a place."

21. "Why did you not take that place which the man in the large shop said he would give to you?"

22. "Because they kept the shop open on the Sabbath; and my mother does not wish me to work on that day."

23. "You did not keep the piece of gold

money that you found on the floor as you were coming into the street: why did you not?"

24. "Because it was not mine, sir; and I thought that the man in the shop would find the owner sooner than I could."

25. "He did, my boy; it was my money. Did you get a place last night?"

26. "No, sir; all the places were full, and no one knew me."

27. "Well, my boy, you may go now and tell your mother that you have found a place. Come to me early in the morning; your teacher will tell you where I live."

28. Henry went home with his heart and his eyes so full that he could hardly see the street, or any thing else, as he went along. He knew that it would cheer his dear mother very much, and so it did.

29. It is many years since Henry Woods found his first "place," and he is no longer a poor boy, but a rich man; and what is better still, a good man. His mother, though very old, still lives; and her last days are made very happy by the kindness of her son, whose love for her is the same as ever, and who is careful to supply all her wants.

QUESTIONS.—What is this story about? 2. Where did he go to look for a place? 2. What success did he have? 5. Can you tell something about John's mother? 7. What question did Henry ask his mother? 9. What did he say he would do? 11. After breakfast, where did he go? Can you give an account of what happened at school during the morning?

LESSON XX.

sh, ch; th, th; wh, ng.

² calf	² bur'den	² kiss'ed	¹ fright
¹ veal	blood	prick'ed	ly'ing
¹ flow'ed	² gen'tly	com mands'	⁴ pat'ted
sew'ed	tempt'ed	for bid'	³ doc'tor
o bey (o ba')	sense'less	with in'	in dulse'

THE RIDE ON THE CALF.

1. James White was about nine years old, and he had as kind a father and mother as any boy in the world. They did not always let him do as he chose, for that would not have been true kindness.

2. They loved to please him, when it was proper to do so; but if they saw that he wished to have or to do any thing which was not for his good, they did not indulge him.

3. Parents know far better than children what is for their good; and so children should always do as their parents bid them, whether they see the reason of their commands or not.

4. One day, when James was walking in the street with his father, a little colt ran by them. He pricked up his ears and frisked his tail about, and pleased James so much, that he asked his father if he would not buy that pretty little horse for him to ride.

5. "Why, my son," said his father, "you could

not ride him if you had him. He must grow larger, and must be rode by some one who knows how to break a colt, as it is called, before it would be safe for you to ride him."

6. "Oh, I wish I could have some kind of a horse that I could ride. May I ride on the calf, father? John told me I could, if I wished to do it."

7. "No, my son; the calf is not made to ride on, and John should not have told you so. If it is not killed for veal while it is a calf, it will grow to be a cow, and will, by-and-by, give us nice sweet milk. Wait till you are old enough to ride a horse, and you shall have a chance."

8. Not long after this, James's father left home; and one day while he was gone, James was at play near the barn-yard, where the calf was. First he looked through the fence, and then he climbed up upon it, and threw grass and weeds to the calf.

9. Then he thought he could get over and try to ride the calf, and no one would know it. But something within him said, "No, James, let the calf alone. Do not forget what your father said. No matter whether he knows it or not. You should do as he tells you; and never do behind his back what you would not be willing to do before his face."

10. But James had made up his mind to try and ride the calf, and did not stop to think much about all this; so he jumped down from the fence into the barn yard.



11. First he held out some grass, and the calf soon came up to him; then he patted him with his hand. After a while he got him to stand still by the side of the fence; then he climbed up a step or two, and jumped upon his back.

12. The poor little creature was in a great fright at finding such a burden upon him. He ran first one way, and then the other, and threw his heels so high in the air, that James did not find his ride near as pleasant as he thought he would.

13. He was soon thrown off; and his head hit a stone lying in the yard, and was very much hurt. The blood flowed in a stream from his face, and down upon his coat, and all over his clean vest.

14. His screams were very loud, and a lady who lived in the next house, hearing them, ran to see what was the matter. His mother also

went in great haste to the spot, and almost sunk to the earth, when she saw her little son lying upon the ground, with blood all over his face and clothes.

15. They tried to get him to stand up, but he seemed very weak and almost senseless. His eyes were shut, and his head and hands hung down as if he was dead.

16. They took him into the house, laid him on the bed, and sent for the doctor; who soon came and sewed up a long cut upon the side of his head, and told them to keep him quiet.

17. Here he lay for a long week, and before he was well again his father came home. When he came into the house, and heard what had taken place, he felt very sorry for James's pain, but still more so for his wicked conduct in doing what he had told him not to do.

18. He went to the room where he lay, kissed him very gently, and then, taking his hand, asked him to tell him all about his trying to ride on the calf.

19. James told the whole story just as it was, and then said, "Father, I am very sorry that I did not obey you; and if I am ever tempted again to do what you forbid me to, I hope I shall think of my ride on the calf."

QUESTIONS.—What is the name of this story? 1. Is it real kindness to permit a boy to do as he pleases always? 4. What did James see in the street that pleased him? 4. What did he want his father to do? 7. What did his father say to him about riding on the calf? 11. Did James try to ride on it? 13. What happened to him? 19. After telling all about his disobedience, what did James say to his father?

LESSON XXI.

sha,¹ sha;² sha,³ sha;⁴ shi,¹ sho.¹

smil' ¹ ing	sell' ² ing	say' ¹ ing	bad' ⁴ ly
him self' ²	pres'ents	shav' ¹ ing	thank'ed
a gainst' ¹	tempt'ing	crip' ² pled	wood'en
a fraid' ¹	er'rand	guilt	lov' ⁴ ing
de light' ¹	earn'ed	tri'es ¹	some'times

THE RED APPLE.

1. Little Rose was one day sent by her mother to do an errand in the yard. A man was at work there, and a pile of wood was thrown up just before the door. With great care the little girl climbed over the wood, and did her errand.

2. When she was on her way back, the man took her up in his strong arms and set her down in the doorway, smiling as he did so, and saying to her, in a soft tone, "There, my little girl; I was afraid you might fall, and I did not want you to."

3. Rose thanked him, and went up-stairs to tell her mother. "Now, mother I like that man very much, for he was so good to me," she said; "may I not give him something?"

4. "What would you like to give him?"

5. "That large red apple which you gave me this morning. Would not that be nice?" said Rose.

6. "Yes," said her mother, "that would do very well; and you may give it to him, if you wish."

7. With great delight, Rose ran down and gave the apple. "Thank you; you are a good girl," said the man, as he took it; "but what shall I do with it? Would you like to have me take it home, and give it to my poor little Frank?"

8. "Frank! and who is Frank?"

9. "My poor little boy, that was burnt and crippled by the fire. When he was a baby, he fell from a high chair against the hot stove, and his clothes took fire, and he was very badly burnt. But he is a good boy, and so kind and loving; shall I give the apple to him?"

10. "Yes, indeed," said Rose; and she ran back into the house, and brought out a little wooden horse. "There, give that to Frank, too," said she; "I am very sorry that he is so much burnt."

11. When the man went home at night, little Frank sat at the window looking out for him; and when he gave him the horse and apple, Frank thought he had never seen so fine a plaything as the horse, nor so large and red an apple before.

12. He kissed his father, and thanked him; and then he kissed the horse and apple too. When he learned who sent them to him, he said, "How good the little girl is to me! how I wish I could see her!"

13. "What are you going to do with your presents?" asked his father.

14. Frank thought a moment. "I know what I shall do with the apple," he said. "Don't you know that big boy that makes me cry sometimes, when he looks in here and draws up his face, as if trying to make fun of me because I am so burnt?"

15. "Jim Brown, do you mean?" asked the father; "that bad boy that I drove away from the window last week? You don't like him so much, do you?"

16. "Not so much; but I want him to like me. I want to show him that I do not hate him because he tries to make me feel bad, and makes fun of what I can't help."

17. The next day little Frank watched at the window, and when he saw the boy that tried to make fun of his burnt face, he asked him to come to him. "Here, Jim," said Frank, "here is a nice apple for you. I don't hate you. Will you not love me now, Jim?"

18. In a moment the bad boy's face became red with shame and guilt. He could not take the apple. "No, little boy," said he, "I don't want your apple: I can get apples."

19. "But I want you to take it," said Frank, "and then you will not hate me, perhaps."

20. The apple was very tempting, and Jim took it; but as he went away, he thought—"What a good boy that Frank is, to treat me so well, when I have treated him so badly! I am

sorry I took his apple, for I don't think he gets half as many as I do. I wish he had it back again."

21. He could not eat the apple, so he took it home and gave it to his brother and sister, which was a new thing for him to do. He did not make any more fun of poor little Frank, and soon began to smile as he went past the window.

22. Jim Brown sometimes thought—"I wish I had something to give Frank! I ought to give to him, rather than he to me." Then he thought—"I have sometimes earned a little money by selling shavings; why can't I earn some now for Frank?"

23. He set about it, and sold a few baskets of shavings. With the money he got for them, he bought a book and some nuts, and gave them to Frank, and was never so happy in his life before. When spring came, he brought him fresh flowers which he found in the woods and fields.

24. Boys and girls, have you not seen how, in this story, one little good act led to a second, a second to a third, and so on, till there was quite a chain of kind deeds? There are little good acts for you to do all the time. Be sure you do them; and who knows what may come of them? A little seed makes a great tree when God smiles upon it.

QUESTIONS.—2. What kind act did the man do for Rose? 7. In what way did she try to repay him? 12. To whom did the man give the apple and wooden horse? 17. What did Frank do with the apple? 18. How did Frank's kindness affect Jim Brown? 21 and 23. What kind acts did it cause him to perform? The kind act of lifting Rose over the wood led to other kind acts; can you tell what they were?



LESSON XXII.

¹skā, ¹skē; ¹skī, ¹sko; ¹skī, ¹sku.

¹ raise	¹ a ¹ greed'	¹ giv'en	¹ fruit
cag'es	be lieve'	fill'ed	³ want'ed
plac'ed	¹ sweet'est	gid'dy	⁴ catch'er
plain'tive	reach'ed	² perch'ed	a ⁴ mong'
² choos'ing	treat'ing	³ chirp'ed	themselv'es ²

THE DEAD BIRDS.

1. Almost all little girls and boys love birds; and nothing seems to delight them more than to have two or three of these little creatures in

a cage, where they can see their smooth, bright feathers, and hear their pretty songs.

2. I do not believe that those boys or girls who keep birds mean to be cruel, yet I must confess that I think it is far from treating the birds kindly, to shut them up in a cage, and say to them, "Little birds, you shall never live any more in the green woods, nor fly about in the fresh air."

3. If the dear little birds could talk, I am sure they would tell you that I am right. But since they cannot speak for themselves, I will tell you a story about two birds which some kind children kept in a nice cage, and when you have heard it, perhaps you will be willing to tell me what you think of it.

4. In a pleasant wood there once lived a great number of birds, which had bright feathers and could sing pretty songs. They fed upon the nice fruit that grew on the trees, and chirped and sung among the green branches and the sweet flowers, and seemed as happy as birds could be.

5. One day some little boys and girls were walking through this pleasant wood, and saw these pretty birds, and thought they would make very nice pets, if they could only be caught.

6. "I can tell you how that can be done," said one of the boys. "There is a man in town that often goes out to catch birds to sell. We can go and tell him about these, and I am sure

he will come out and catch two or three of them for us."

7. The children all thought this a good plan, for they did not know, or did not think, how cruel it would be to take the little birds away from the woods, and shut them up in a cage. When they reached home, two of the boys went to the bird-catcher and told him about the birds; and he agreed to go out and catch as many of them as they wanted.

8. So one dark night the bird-catcher went to the woods, and found the tree in which a great many of the little birds were perched, and made a fire under it. He threw something into the fire that made a great smoke, which soon rose to the place where the poor birds were perched, and made them so giddy that they fell to the ground as if dead.

9. The man caught them up, put them in a basket and took them home. Early in the morning he went to the house where the children lived, and gave them two of the pretty birds which he had caught, because they had told him where to find them.

10. The children were very much pleased with the little birds, and said they would get a nice cage for them and treat them kindly, and so they did. They gave them pure water to drink, and the best food that could be found; but still the birds would rather have lived on sour plums in their own happy woods.

11. In a short time the love of these little

birds for each other became very great. If a plum was given to one, he would not eat any of it till the other could eat with him. In fact, they were as kind to each other as brothers and sisters ought to be, and as I hope you are.

12. They lived a long while in this way, but at last one of them became ill; and was soon too weak to hop down from the perch to take her food.

13. When the other saw this, he brought food to her in his bill, always choosing the best pieces. But in spite of all his care, she grew worse; and, at last, being no longer able to sit on the perch, she fell to the floor of the cage.

14. Her mate tried a great many times to help her up again, by taking hold of one of her wings with his beak, but it was of no use. There she lay too weak to stand, and too ill to eat; and in a short time she died. At first, the other bird did not seem to know that she was dead, for he put his beak under her head and tried to raise it up; and when he saw that she did not move, he sang one of his sweetest songs, as if trying to wake her.

15. Finding her still quiet, he brought a seed and laid before her, and then chirped and sung as before. But still she did not eat; so he put the seed on her beak, and even seemed to try to put it in her mouth. When he found that nothing would wake her, he filled the room with the most plaintive cries.

16. When the little children found one of their birds dead, they felt very sorry, and tried

all they could to cheer up the other and make him eat; but their kindness could not save him; he died soon after his mate.

17. With many tears they dug a grave under a large oak, and laid the dead birds in it. Gently they filled in the soft earth, and then put a rosebush at each end of the grave, to mark the spot where their little birds were placed.

18. Then how they wished that the little birds had never been brought from the woods, where they were so happy; and though they loved birds as much as ever, yet they never wanted to take any more of them from their pleasant homes to keep them in cages.

QUESTIONS.—8. How did the man catch the birds? 9. What did he do with two of them? 10. How were they treated by the children? Tell what you can about the attachment of these birds to each other. 11. How did the children feel when they found one of their birds dead? 12. What did they try to do? 13. What did they do with the dead birds? 14. What did they wish?

LESSON XXIII.

¹sta, ²sta; ¹spe, ¹spo; ³sla, ⁴sla.
¹st, ¹st; ¹sp, ¹sp; ¹sl, ¹sl.

² nest	¹ leave	² lark	¹ tune
breast	¹ grieve	³ war'ble	¹ stol'en
verse	³ sor'row	¹ shin'ing	² be'gun
vers'es	soft'est	² sing'ing	¹ be low'
mer'ry	¹ la'bor	plow'man	be low'

VERSES ABOUT BIRDS.

1. If ever I see,
 On bush or tree,
 Young birds in their pretty nest,
 I must not in play
 Steal the birds away,
 To grieve their mother's breast.
2. My mother, I know,
 Would sorrow so,
 Should I be stolen away;
 So I'll speak to the birds
 In my softest words,
 Nor hurt them in my play.
3. And when they can fly
 In the bright blue sky,
 They'll warble a song to me;
 And then, if I'm sad,
 It will make me glad
 To think they are happy and free.

THE LARK.

1. I hear a pretty bird, but hark!
I cannot see it anywhere:
Oh, it is a little lark
Singing in the morning air.
Little lark, do tell me why
You are singing in the sky?
2. Other little birds, at rest,
Have not yet begun to sing;
Every one is in its nest,
With its head behind its wing.
Little lark, then tell me why
You're so early in the sky?
3. 'Tis to sing a merry song
To the pleasant morning light:
Why stay in my nest so long,
When the sun is shining bright?
Little lady, this is why
I sing so early in the sky.
4. To the little birds below
I do sing a merry tune;
And I let the plowman know
He must come to labor soon.
Little lady, this is why
I am singing in the sky.

LESSON XXIV.

sma, smou ; sno², snoi ; swi¹, sw.

sm, sm ; sn, sn ; sw, sw.

Mrs. (mis' ² ses)	ch ¹ cese	kn ¹ ife	Wil' ² lie
l ² ength	-meet'ing	si'lace	sin'gle
sev'en	mur' ² mur	tri'fle	whit'tling
El'en	start' ² ed	a side' ¹	hop' ¹ ed
set'tled	pock' ³ et	re vive	snow'y

THE PET LAMB.

1. "This is a cold morning," said Mrs. Duncan, as she laid down her work, and went to the window: "there was a sharp frost last night, and some of it is still to be seen upon the ground; but, Willie and Ellen, where are your books? It is nearly half-past seven, and as you have full a mile to walk to school, it is high time that you were on the way."

2. Ellen was sewing at a dress for her doll, and Willie was making a trap with which he hoped to catch an old rat, that had been taking a little more than his share of bread and cheese.

3. As soon as their mother spoke, Ellen laid aside the doll's dress, and Willie shut his knife, and put it into his pocket, and picked up the pine sticks that he had been whittling. This done, they took their hats and books, and started for school, without saying a word.

4. "Ellen and Willie are good children," said Mrs. Duncan to herself; "I never have to speak to them twice. Some children would not have been willing to have left this warm room and their playthings upon this cold morning, to say the least; but my little children always do as they are told, without a murmur."

5. A pleasant smile settled upon her lip; and taking her work again, she sewed for half an hour in silence. At length, she heard a lamb bleat just in front of her window; and looking up, she saw her children coming back: Willie with his arms filled by a pretty, soft, snowy lamb, and Ellen walking by his side, with such earnest looks into the little creature's face.

6. "Why, my children, what does this mean?" said Mrs. Duncan, meeting them at the door. "I thought you started to school?"

7. "Oh, mother, see what a pretty lamb! *Isn't* it a pretty creature?" said Willie, without taking any notice of what his mother said, as he stopped and put his burden upon the floor. "We are going to have it for *our* lamb—our pet lamb; but the poor thing is almost dead. Do you think that we can make it live, mother?"

8. "I don't know, indeed, my son," said Mrs. Duncan, as she laid her hand upon its white head. "Where did you get it?"

9. "We found it by the side of its dam in the field, mother. The old sheep is dead, and we knew that if we left the little lamb, it would die too; so I thought I would take it in my

arms, and turn back home with it. May we not stay at home to-day, mother, and take care of it?"

10. "I can look after it better than you can," said the mother; "I do not like to have you lose a single lesson at school; and I am sure you would not be willing to lose your places in your class for trifles, would you?"

11. "But, mother, this is not a trifle," said Ellen; "the life of a lamb, a pretty little pet lamb, is by no means a small matter."

12. "I should like very much to please you, my children," said Mrs. Duncan; "but I do not think it best for you to stay at home to-day. I will feed this little lamb and revive it, if it can be done, by the warm fire." Go to school now; and when you come home, you will find your little pet well taken care of."

13. Ellen and Willie did not like to go, but they felt that their mother knew what was best; so they gave their lamb into her hands, and started again for school.

QUESTIONS.—What is this story about? 1. What did Mrs. Duncan say to her children? 4. Did they obey her without murmuring? 5. What did Willie bring back to the house? 9. Where did they find the lamb? 9. Why did the children wish to stay at home? 10. Why was their mother not willing to let them stay away from school?

LESSON XXV.

ble,¹ ble²; bri,¹ bro¹; dru,³ dru.²

bl, bl; br, br; dr, dr.

ti ¹ 'ed	talk ³ 'ing	fol ⁵ 'low	swoll ¹ en
dy ¹ 'ing	lau ¹ 'rel	pros ¹ 'pects	urn ¹ 'ed
clus ² 'ter	caus ¹ 'ed	deep ¹ 'ly	prov ² 'ed
tongue	chanc ² 'ed	eat ¹ 'ing	bush ³ 'es
ca ¹ 'pers	wag ⁴ 'ged	pois ¹ 'on	pull ¹ 'ed

THE PET LAMB.

(CONCLUDED.).

1. In the course of a few hours, the lamb began to revive. He jumped out of the basket where the lady had placed him, and came near running into the fire. He frisked about, and wagged his little short tail at a great rate.

2. Had there been any children about the house, their delight at the sight of his capers would have been very great; but Willie and Ellen were the only children that Mrs. Duncan had, so no one but this lady herself was there to see his pranks.

3. When Ellen and Willie came home at half-past four, it would have done your heart good to have seen them, they were so pleased with their prize. They fed it with warm milk, fresh from the cow; they tied a blue ribbon round its



snowy neck, and called it Snow-drop, because it was so very white.

4. Willie went to work, and made a very nice warm pen for it to sleep in at night. Even after dark, when supper was over, and little Snow-drop was sleeping soundly in a large basket, Willie and Ellen still kept on talking about little Snow-drop and his prospects.

5. For many months after this they spent nearly every spare moment with their pet. He became so fond of the children, that he would follow them through the house, round the yard, in the fields and woods, like a dog.

6. In time he became very strong; two little horns started out of his head, and he seemed to

want to push every one and every thing that came in his way.

7. One day Snow-drop chanced to wander by a cluster of laurel-bushes, and perhaps he thought they were good because they looked so fresh and green, for he began to eat the leaves as fast as he could. Ellen and Willie were looking for flowers, and did not see what he was about. They little thought that their pet lamb was eating poison, but so it proved.

8. When Willie went to pen Snow-drop for the night, he found him swollen and dying. His tongue hung out of his mouth, with here and there spots of foam upon it. Willie sat down, and pulled his head into his lap, while tears flowed from his eyes. It seemed to him that he could hardly have mourned the death of a playmate more deeply.

9. The next day, Willie and Ellen dug a grave for Snow-drop in the field back of their house. They placed two old gray stones at its head and at its foot, to mark the spot; but they did not plant any flowers there; for they were afraid that they would make them think of the shrub whose shining green leaves had caused the death of their pet lamb.

QUESTIONS.—1. What did the lamb do? 3. What did Ellen and Willie do when they came home? 4. What name did they give their pet? 8. What happened to Snow-drop? 9. Why did not the children plant flowers on the grave of their lamb?

LESSON XXVI.

dlo¹, dlo³; dwa³, dwi²; gla¹, gle¹.
 dl, dl; dw, dw; gl, gl.

en ² 'ter	man ⁴ 'ly	mot ³ 'to	e ¹ 'vil
not ¹ 'ed	tav ⁴ 'ern	or ⁴ 'ders	peo ¹ 'ple
no ¹ 'tion	an ⁴ 'swer	non ⁴ 'sense	re ¹ peat ¹ '
pa ¹ per	stand ⁴ 'ing	a void ⁴ '	im ² press ² '
neigh ⁴ 'bor	gam ⁴ 'bling	a loud ⁴ '	loun ⁴ 'ging

OBEY ORDERS.

1. "Come, what shall we do to day, John?" said two boys, as they stopped before the front yard of a neighbor's house, where one of their schoolmates was standing.

2. There was no school, and the day was to be spent in sport of some kind. To play ball, to go up to the mills, or over to Back Cove,—they could not make up their minds which of all these would be, on the whole, the most pleasant.

3. At last it was agreed to go over to Back Cove, which was a strip of land running out into the sea, where there were trees, rocks, water, a few mean huts, and one or two low taverns. Off the boys started, with no clear notions of what they were going to do; only it was a play-day, and they meant to make the most of it.

4. After they had reached the Cove, they picked up shells and white stones on the sea-shore, jumped upon the rocks, run about here and there, till they came in sight of one of the taverns, a noted gambling-house. Men and boys were lounging about the doors, and the tavern seemed as full of people as it could be.

5. "Come, let us go to the tavern," said one of the boys; "it will be fun. Father would not like to have me go; but he need never know any thing about it. Let us go, I say. Come, John; come, Frank."

6. "No," said John, "I am not going: I will have nothing to do with any such places."

7. "That is great!" said James. "Why, it is not so easy to hurt you as all that comes to, is it? That is all nonsense; come, boys: come, Frank; come, John."

8. "It will do no harm just to look at the men gambling; and father will never find it out," said Frank, as he started off with James.

9. John stopped. The others looked behind, and saw that he did not follow. "Come!" they both said. "Come! don't be foolish!"

10. "Can't," said John; "can't break orders."

11. "Orders? Who gave you orders?" they asked, looking round. "Your aunt never told you not to go, did she?"

12. "I have orders not to go there; orders that I must obey, too."

13. "It is all nonsense," said the boys; "you need not try to make us believe that any one

has given you orders not to go to this tavern. Come, show them to us if you can; show us your orders."

14. John pulled a little book out of his pocket, took a small paper from between its leaves, and gave it to the boys.

15. They took it, and Frank read aloud as follows: "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

16. "Yes," said John, "it is nothing more or less than the word of God; it is his order. This was almost the first verse I ever learned; and I do not know how many times my mother used to repeat it to me before she died: so I always keep it with me, and I have always minded it.

17. "I minded it when I was a little boy, and now that I am larger, I do not mean to forget it. And so, boys, when any one asks me to go to a bad place, as I believe this to be, I have my answer—my orders forbid it. 'Go not in the way of evil men; avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it.' There is no mistake, you see: so if you go to the tavern, I shall go home."

18. This is indeed a manly stand. Would that every boy who knows what right is—and there are but few in these days who do not—could be firm and bold enough to do it, as John did!

19. Take his motto, boys; learn its full meaning; impress it upon your minds; carry it about with you; for it is the command of the

Bible: "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

QUESTIONS.—3. Where did the boys conclude to go to play? 4. When they arrived there, how did they amuse themselves? 5. Where did one of the boys propose to go? 6. What did John say about going to the tavern? 15. Can you repeat the order which John said he must obey? Will you try to remember it, and think of it when you are tempted to go into bad company? Do you think you would have acted as John did?

LESSON XXVII.

¹gra, ³gru; ²tra, ³tra; ¹sli, ¹slo.
gr, gr; tr, tr; sl, sl.

¹ rais'ed	¹ jui'cy	² tip'toe	² up'ward
great'er	² gar'den	³ long'ing	turn'ed
¹ feel'ing	⁴ hav'ing	lock'ed	un ³ lock'
¹ sc'est	² trem'bled	prom'ise	ef ² fect'
fear'ful	pres'ence	toss'ed	bloom'ed
¹ fine'ly	² list'en	stock'ings	trow'sers

THE FOUR WORDS.

1. Four little words did me more good when I was a boy, than almost any thing else," said a friend to me the other day. "I am not able to tell you how much good they have done; they were the first words that my mother taught me."

2. "Indeed! What were the four little words?" said I. His answer was the story which follows:

3. "My father had a young pear-tree; it was a very choice graft, and he watched it with great care. In the course of time it bloomed, but it bore only one pear. It was said to be a very nice kind of pear, and my father wished to see if the fruit came up to the promise of the man who gave him the graft.

4. "The high winds, he hoped, would not blow off the pear, for he wanted it to get quite ripe; and he gave orders to all the children on no account to touch it.

5. "The tree was low, and the pear was easy to be reached by us. It grew finely. 'I think that graft is going to bear good fruit,' said my father many times to my mother. 'I hope now there is some prospect of our having good pears.'

6. "Every one who came in to the garden he took to the tree, and all said, 'It will prove to be the best kind of fruit.' It began to look very pretty, and very tempting.

7. "'Is it not almost ripe? I long for a bite.' I said to my father, as we were standing by the pear-tree one day.

8. "'Wait a little longer, and you shall have a piece of it,' said my father.

9. "I thought I loved pears better than any thing else. I used often to stop and look up with longing eyes to this. Oh, how good it looks! I used often to think: I wish it was all mine.

10. "The early apples and plums did not taste as good, when I thought of this pear. The

longer I stopped under the pear-tree the greater my longing for it. 'Oh, I wish I had it!' I said to myself every time I looked at or thought of it.

11. "One night, after we were in bed, and my brothers were sleeping soundly, I tossed about and could not get to sleep. It was a warm, still night, and there was no moon.

12. "My father and mother were gone away. I put my head out of the window, and looked into the garden. Dark as it was, I could see the pear-tree, and this caused me to think of the pear. My mouth was dry, and I thought how cool and juicy the pear would taste. I was tempted.

13. "A few moments found me going down the back stairs, with no shoes, stockings, nor trowsers on. The least noise startled me: I stopped on every stair to listen. At last I found my way to the garden door. It was locked. It seemed to take me an age to unlock it, so fearful was I of making a noise.

14. "I got it open, went out, and shut it after me. It was good to get into the cool air. I ran down the walk; I stopped and looked all about, then turned to the little pear-tree, and in a moment was under its branches.

15. "'Father will think that the wind has blown it off; or that some bad boys have come into the garden at night and taken it; at any rate, he will never know that I stole it.' Such were my thoughts: I trembled at what I was about to do.

16. "On tiptoe with my hand raised, and my head turned upward, I saw a star looking down upon me through the leaves. The words, 'Thou, God, seest me!' came rushing into my mind, and I could not help saying them over and over again.

17. "God seemed on every side. He was looking me through and through. I was afraid to look, and hid my face. It seemed as if father and mother, and all the boys, and every person in town, would take me for a thief.

18. "It was some time before I could move, so great was the effect upon my mind of the fearful truth in those four words: 'Thou, God, seest me.' I knew he saw me.

19. "I left the pear-tree: nothing on earth would have tempted me at that moment to touch the pear. How changed were my feelings, as I crept back to bed again! I lay down by the side of my brother Henry, feeling more like a thief than any thing else.

20. "No one in the house had seen me, but oh! it seemed as if every one knew it, and I should never dare to meet my father's face again. It was a great while before I went to sleep. I heard my parents come home, and without thinking what I was doing, I hid my face under the sheet.

21. "But I could not hide myself from the sense of God's presence. His eyes seemed everywhere, looking into the very depths of my heart. It taught me a lesson which I think I shall never forget."



LESSON XXVIII.

¹fla, ²fle; ²fro, ¹fre; ²kwa, ²kwē.
¹fl, ¹fl; ¹fr, ¹fr; ¹kw, ¹kw.

¹ rare'ripes	¹ fold'ed	² quiv'er	¹ proud'ly
scarce'ly	² stern'ly	⁴ hand'ed	² bo'som
eight	³ com'mon	² larg'est	² offend'
¹ peach'es	fond'ly	sharp'ly	con tain'
¹ no'ble	² blush'ed	³ daugh'ter	a ¹ muse'
old'er	² wish'ing	draw'ing	Em'ma

EMMA AND HER BROTHER.

1. Emma was sitting in the room, and her little brother Henry was in the yard drawing his cart about. Their mother went out and

brought in some peaches, a few of which were large, red rare-ripes; the rest small, common peaches.

2. The father handed me one of the rare-ripes, gave one to their mother, and then one of the best to his little daughter, who was then eight years old.

3. He then took one of the smaller ones, and gave it to Emma, and told her to go and give it to her brother. He was four years old. Emma ran out, and was gone about ten minutes, and then came in.

4. "Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father. Emma blushed, turned away, and did not answer.

5. "Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father again, a little more sharply.

6. "No, father," said she, "I did not give him that."

7. "What did you do with it?" he asked.

8. "I ate it," said Emma.

9. "What! did you not give your brother any?" asked the father.

10. "Yes, I did, father," said she; "I gave him mine."

11. "Why did you not give him the one I told you to give?" asked the father rather sternly.

12. "Because, father," said Emma, "I thought he would like mine better."

13. "But you ought to obey your father," said he.

14. "I did not mean to do wrong, father," said she, and her bosom began to heave and her chin to quiver.

15. "But you did not do as I told you, my daughter," said he.

16. "I thought it would not offend you, father, if I did give the largest peach to brother;" and the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

17. "But I wanted you to have the largest," said the father; "you are older and larger than he is."

18. "I want you to give the best things to brother," said the noble girl.

19. "Why?" asked the father, scarcely able to contain himself.

20. "Because," said the kind sister, "I love him so; I always feel best when he gets the best things."

21. "You are right, my dear daughter," said the father, as he fondly and proudly folded her in his arms. "You are right, and you may be sure that your father will not love you less for wishing to treat your brother so kindly.

22. "He is a dear and noble little boy, and I am glad you love him, and try to please and amuse him. Do you think he loves you as well as you love him?"

23. "Yes, father, I think he does; for when I took the largest peach to him, he would not touch it, and wanted me to keep it; and it was a good while before I could get him to take it."

LESSON XXIX.

⁴abs, ³obs; ²est, ²ist; ¹ads, ¹ids.
bs, bs; st, st; ds, ds.

¹ man'ger	¹ writ'ing	² liv'ing	² bar gain
gain'er	⁴ can'dy	³ cop'y	ob tain'
sav'ing	seram'ble	² grum'ble	en joy'
¹ dear'est	² pleas'ure	suf'fer	un kind'
¹ boast'er	let'ter	com'fort	de prive'
¹ mo'tion	sel'fish	work'ed	pre tend'

THE SELFISH BOY.

1. The selfish boy is one who loves himself and no one else,—who does not care whom he deprives of pleasure, if he can obtain it. Should he have any thing given him, he will keep it all to himself. Should it be a cake, he will keep it in his box, and eat it alone.

2. The selfish boy likes playthings, but he does not like to have any one touch them. "You shall not roll my hoop, you shall not touch my bat," is always on his tongue. He is ever on the watch to find out if any one has been even near any thing of his.

3. When he sits down to his writing, if he happens to make a good letter, he holds his hand on it, so that no one may copy it. When he has worked his sum, he hugs the slate to his breast, for fear any one should learn how it was

done; not that it is right to show your sums to others, but this is not his motive.

4. If he sees a fine sight at the window, he calls no one to share his delight, but feels a pleasure in being able to say, "I saw it, and you did not."

5. The selfish boy cannot see the good of any thing, unless he is to be the gainer in some way or other. He knows well enough how to speak against any thing that belongs to his schoolmate. If it be a knife, he will pretend the spring is bad, and find out a hundred faults; but when he has made a good bargain, how he rubs his hands and seems full of delight!

6. The selfish boy is a great boaster. He often says, "I have this," and "I have that. Ah, you do not know how much money I have in my saving-box!"

7. His whole life is a sort of a scramble; if any thing is to be given away, he is the first to cry out for fear he may not get his share, and the first to grumble when he obtains it. He always looks for the best of every thing, and thinks he has a right to it.

8. Poor boy! he thinks the world was made for him. He never thinks of others. It is no pleasure for him to see others happy; nay, he would sooner see his dearest friends suffer than deprive himself of a single comfort.

9. Nay, more than this: if he does not want a thing, he cannot bear that any one else should enjoy it. And thus, like the dog in the

manger, he snaps at every one who comes near him.

10. From all these things, we see what unkind conduct is shown by the selfish boy. He does not make others happy, nor does he make himself happy. Boys and girls, do not be selfish, if you wish to be happy, or wish to be loved; but do to others as you would like to have others do to you.

11. If you have nice playthings, show them to your little friends. If you have but half a stick of candy, give some one of your playmates a bite of it. Perhaps some child may say, "But I have nothing to give." That is a mistake; that boy or girl is not living that has nothing to give.

12. Give pleasant words and smiles to those who are sad. If a little child goes to your school who has poor clothes, and you see the tears start to his eyes because your schoolmates laugh at and shun him, just go right up, and put your arms round his neck, and ask him to play with you. Love him: love sometimes is better than meat and drink, and fine clothes. You can all spare a little love. Then never say you have "nothing to give."

QUESTIONS.—What can you say about the selfish boy? What does he do, when he happens to make a good letter or work a hard sum? 8. Does the selfish boy like to see any one else happy? 10. Does he make himself happy by being selfish? Will selfishness make any one happy? 12. What can a boy or girl give that will sometimes be better than any thing else?

LESSON XXX.

³oft, ²eft; ⁴akt, ²ikt; ⁴aks, ³oks.
ft, ft; kt, kt; ks, ks.

¹ pag'es	¹ truth'ful	² soft'ly	² ask'ing
¹ eat'en	⁴ anx'ious	watch'ing	pass'ed
peep'ed	act'ing	for'ward	decei've' ¹
ei'ther	act'ed	² pur'pose	a go' ¹
need'ed	² fin'gers	cour'age	con tempt'
¹ o'pen ed	² poor'ly	² tell'ing	re cite' ¹

ACTING LIES.

1. "Jane, go into the store-room, and bring me the large blue jar," said a mother to her daughter. Jane was going to school; but she put down her books, and ran to the store-room, where the first thing she saw was a basket of large red apples.

2. "I should like one of these to carry to school," she thought; but she did not know whether her mother would think it best for her to have one. So, without asking, she put one of the largest she saw into her pocket, and placed her shawl over her pocket, on purpose to deceive her mother, if she should happen to look at it.

3. Jane then took the jar to her mother, and went to school with the apple, which proved to be a hard winter-apple, not fit to be eaten.

4. By-and-by, Jane's class was called up to recite, and Jane seemed very anxious to get a seat behind the stove, rather out of the way of the teacher's eye. Jane had her book in her hand, and her fingers between the pages of the lesson, and every moment or two, watching her chance, she sily peeped into her book, and in this way was able to get through her lesson pretty well, though she had scarcely looked at it before she came up to recite.

5. When school was out, Ellen Brown went home with her, to get a book which Jane was going to lend her. But she did not want to let her mother know that school was done, lest she might want her to play with the baby, or to help her in some way; so she very softly opened the door, and crept up stairs on tiptoe.

6. A call came from the sitting-room—"Jane, is that you?" It was her mother's voice; and Jane heard, but she did not answer. She crept down and out again, and did not get back for some time.

7. "I thought I heard you come in some time ago," said her mother. "I wish it had been you, for I have needed you very much. Willie has been very sick." Jane said nothing; but I am sure her thoughts must have been far from pleasant.

8. We have passed through a part of the day with Jane, and have seen her just as she was, not as she seemed to be to her mother and teacher; and what do you think of her? There

are many children like Jane, and perhaps they will see themselves in her. Jane, you see, was not a truthful child.

9. "But she did not tell a lie," some one will say. "No, but she *acted* lies;" and you see in how many ways she was able to deceive in a half-day's time. "Little things," perhaps some of you may say. True, but it is about these little things that we must be careful.

10. Boys and girls, never tell a whole lie, nor a half of a lie, nor a third of a lie, nor any part of a lie. Never act a lie; never deceive. Many children who know well enough what a mean, wicked thing it is to lie, will twist the truth, or keep back the truth, or deceive a little bit.

11. If a boy does something wrong, either through mistake or because he is careless, let him come forward with true courage, and tell the whole truth. I have never known telling the truth in this way to injure any one; but I have seen many a boy, and man, too, who were looked upon with contempt, and thought poorly of, because they would tell or act lies.

QUESTIONS.—What is this lesson about? What does acting mean? What is a lie? 1. What did Jane's mother tell her to do? 1. Where was Jane going? 1. Did she obey her mother? 1. What did she see in the store-room? 2. Did she take any? 2. Why did she not ask her mother for one? 4. When Jane's class was called, what seat did she get? 4. Why did she wish to sit where her teacher could not see her? 4. Did Jane's teacher know that she was looking in her book? Was this telling a lie? What was it? How was this acting a lie? 10. Is it wrong to keep back the truth? 11. Does telling the truth ever injure any one?



LESSON XXXI.

⁴alb, ²elb; ²alf, ²elf; ³olk, oulk.
lb, lb; lf, lf; lk, lk.

¹ dates	² fur'ry	² pi'l'ow	⁴ al'monds
plates	squir'ry	wil'low	match'less
¹ greed'y	squir'rel	nim'ble	cow'slip
wea'ry	bur'row ed	nib'ble	'neath
¹ bold'er	curl'ed	² yel'low	be neath'
should'er	³ draw'ers	fel'low	a ³ cross'

THE SQUIRREL.

1. I had a little Squirry:

His step was quick and light,
His tail was long and furry,
And his eyes were large and bright.

2. He burrow'd 'neath my pillow,
And curl'd himself to sleep;
Or in my basket willow
He slily loved to creep.
3. It was no use to scold him;
He always had his way,
Though oft and oft I told him
To be quiet in his play.
4. But bolder still, and bolder
He grew with every week;
He'd spring upon my shoulder,
And frisk across my cheek;
5. And nibble at the drawers,
Where almonds were, and dates,
And pull to rags the flowers,
And run across the plates!
6. A bunch of cowslips yellow,
To him was matchless fun;
But, oh, the greedy fellow!
He ate them every one.
7. Oh Squirry, nimble Squirry!
I loved thy merry ways,
And never felt it weary
To watch thee in thy plays.

QUESTIONS.—1. Describe this squirrel. 2. Where did he burrow?
5. Why did he nibble at the drawers? 6. What did he do with the
cowslips?

On

LESSON XXXII.

¹als, ¹uls; ²ipt, ³opt; ¹ivz, ²ovz.
¹ls, ¹ls; ²pt, ³pt; ¹vz, ²vz.

ex ² pect'	calm ² 'ly	brave ¹ 'ly	he ¹ 'ro
in stead	blood ⁴ 'y	wise ¹ 'ly	treat'ment
be come ⁴ '	youn'ger	fright'en	peace'a ble
suc ¹ ceed'	knock ³ 'ed	gold'en	a sham ¹ 'ed
cit ² 'y	naught ³ 'y	tem ² 'per	of ³ 'fer ed
cow'ard	thank ⁴ 'ing	read'y	an ⁴ oth'er

DON'T FIGHT, BOYS!

1. There are a great many boys who think it is manly to fight; and look upon the boy that is able to give his playfellow a bloody nose, or a black eye, as quite a hero; while they are ready to point at the boy who will not fight, and to call him a coward.

2. I am going to tell you a little story about two boys who lived in the same city. One was a peaceable, and the other, a fighting boy. James was the name of the peaceable boy. He was an only son. He was always ready and willing to obey his parents, was kind to his little sister, and loved to go to school.

3. One day his mother gave him two apples to take with him to school. On meeting Henry, another boy whom he knew, he kindly offered him one of the apples. This boy did not like

to go to school, and could never find any pleasure in reading good books. He was a very rude boy, and never seemed to enjoy himself unless he was fighting.

4. He took the apple from James without thanking him for it; and, what was still worse, he knocked the other apple out of his hand into the mud. This was a very unkind act; and what do you think James did? What would you do if any one should treat you so? I will tell you what this peaceable boy did.

5. He was quite small, and younger than the naughty boy, yet he did not cry nor lose his temper, but stood up calmly and bravely; and looking him in the face, kindly said, "I think you have never learned the Golden Rule."

6. Henry did not expect such an answer or such treatment as this; he thought he would make James angry, and get him to fight; but in this he could not succeed. He thought it strange that a little boy should talk as James did, and he turned and asked him what he meant by the Golden Rule.

7. James told him that it was—"Do to others as you would have them do to you." On hearing this, he looked ashamed, and went away; and I hope he has since become a better boy. Perhaps that was the first time he had ever heard of the Golden Rule.

8. As James went on to school, he must have felt very happy that he had acted so bravely and wisely. Now, boys, what do you think of

James? Don't you think he showed more true courage in acting as he did, than he would if he had become angry, and begun to fight?

9. Now I want to ask you once more, What would you have done, had you been treated as James was? Would you have said, "I won't stand it; I'll pay him back!" This would not have been "doing good for evil;" and it would not have been acting like a brave boy.

10. How much better it is for boys to forgive each other, than to say cross words, and strike one another! I do not think it makes a boy happy to call another names, or strike him; and I am sure that the boy who can firmly stand up and say, "I will not fight, because it is wrong," has more courage, and acts more manly, than the boy who fights because he is afraid of being called a coward.

QUESTIONS.—2. What was the character of the two boys? Which was the peaceable boy? 3. What did his mother give him one day? 3. On meeting Henry what did he do? 4. What did Henry do in return? 5. Did this unkind act make James angry? 5. What did he say to Henry? 7. What is the Golden Rule? 7. How did Henry look when James repeated this rule to him? 8. What do you think of James? Do you think it requires as much courage to fight as it does to refuse to fight?

LESSON XXXIII.

⁴and, ²end; ²ins, ²unz; ²int, ³ont.
 nd, nd; ns, nz; nt, nt.

¹ fair'ly	¹ breath'ed	² mov'ing	de ny' ¹
dar'ing	⁴ wag'on	² mer'cy	con ceal' ¹
shak'ing	² ef'fort	² sun'set	a round'
¹ roar'ed	mead'ow	³ col'lar	per mis'sion ²
load'ed	² dan'cing	Mr. (Mis'ter)	wick'ed ness ²
throw'ing	Graf'ton	es cape' ¹	di rec'tion ²

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

1. "Come, go with me to Pine Grove," said Mark Grant to John Greene.

2. "When are you going?" said John.

3. "Now, right away; will you go?"

4. "I can't, unless you will wait for me while I go home and ask my father's permission."

5. "Ask your father's permission!" said Mark, in a tone of contempt. "I should be sorry if I had to ask my father for permission every time I breathed."

6. "I don't have to ask him for permission to breathe, any more than you do. I have to ask him when I want to go anywhere, and so do you; that is, you have to ask *your* father."

7. "Perhaps I do," said Mark, not quite daring to deny the truth of what John said.

8. "Will you wait for me?"

9. "Yes, if you will be quick."

10. John started on a run, to go and get permission to go to Pine Grove. He was a good boy, and it is rather strange that he was anxious to go with Mark, after what had passed. But the grove was pleasant, and John thought more about the sport they would have, than he did about the boy he was going with.

11. Permission was given to him, and the boys were soon on their way to the grove. John was in a hurry to get there, but Mark stopped by the way, looking out, as he said, for fun.

12. "Let us turn this cow into the wheat-field," said he.

13. "What for?" asked John.

14. "Oh, for fun, and to hear old Grafton scold, when he finds her there."

15. "I don't see what fun there can be in pure wickedness," said John.

16. "You don't know much," said Mark.

17. They now turned out of the common road, and went across a meadow. A wagon loaded with hay stood there. No one was in sight.

18. "What are you doing to that wheel?" said John, as Mark stopped, and began to work at one of the wheels.

19. "I am taking the linchpin out."

20. "What for?"

21. "So that the wheel will run off, and let them down when they don't know it."

22. "Oh, don't now; it isn't right."

23. "You be still."

24. "You may hurt some one."

25. "I will risk it."

26. "I will put it in again, if you take it out."

27. "I don't think you will," said Mark, taking it out, and throwing it as far as he could into the grass.

28. "I shall tell Mr. Grafton that the linchpin is out."

29. "If you tell him I took it out, you will not live long."

30. "I shall tell him it is out, and if he asks who took it out, I shall tell him. I shall not conceal such wickedness."

31. "I'll see if you do," said Mark, as he took hold of his collar, and began to shake him.

32. At this moment a man slid off from the load of hay, and came down at their side.

33. "Let go," said he to Mark; "I will do the shaking;" and he shook him till his face looked very red, and he roared for mercy.

34. "You had better go home," said he to John. "You are a good boy. Don't be found with this mean fellow again. It will be some time before he sees home. He has to find the linchpin before he goes."

35. John left the meadow, but when he reached the road, he stopped to see what would become of Mark.

36. The man was lying on the load of hay when the boys came up, and heard all that was

said. He now took his long horsewhip, and told Mark to find the linchpin, and put it in its place.

37. Mark went in the direction in which he had thrown it, and looked for it, moving farther and farther away from the man and the whip. At length he started and ran, thinking to make his escape.

38. "That is your game, is it?" said the man. "I will soon be with you, my lad."

39. So he ran after Mark, and soon came near him, and laid the horsewhip around his legs with a strong arm. This soon changed his running to dancing.

40. "Back with you, my lad, and find the pin: you can't go home till you do."

41. Mark began to look again for the pin. The man went to work close by, keeping his eye upon him, in case he should make another effort to escape. Just before sunset he found it.

42. "I have found it," said he.

43. "Put it in its place," said the man, coming up to him. When it was put in, he said to him, "Now be off." Mark started upon a run, and the man after him, with the whip in his hand.

44. Once in every rod he would wind the whiplash around his legs, till he got fairly out of the field. He then left him to go home with sore legs and red eyes, to give to his parents such an account of the matter as he thought fit.

QUESTIONS.—What kind of boys were Mark and John? What can you say about their actions?

LESSON XXXIV.

⁴ ank, ² ink; ¹ anj, ¹ onj; ² inch, ² ench.
nk, nk; nj, nj; nch, nch.

ti ¹ ger	clear ¹ 'ed	flash ⁴ 'ing	bound ¹ 'ing
ti ¹ gress	leap ¹ 'ing	hab ¹ 'its	strug ² 'gle
fright ¹ 'en	seiz ¹ 'ing	help ² 'ing	sud ¹ 'den
In ¹ 'dia (ind ² 'ya)	to ¹ 'ward	dread ¹ 'ful	jun ¹ 'gle
twist ¹ 'ing	clos ¹ 'ing	dead ¹ 'ly	coun ¹ 'try
bod ³ 'y	fu ¹ 'ry	meas ¹ 'ure	pre ² vent ² '

ESCAPE FROM A TIGRESS.

1. Tigers are found in India. They are from three to four feet high, and from six to nine feet in length. They are very strong, and often kill and carry off an ox or a horse with almost as much ease as a cat would carry off a mouse.

2. Mr. Black, a man who lived in India, went out one day to measure some land that was grown over with jungle—the name given in India to the trees, and shrubs, and reeds, and grass which grow so thick and rank in that country.

3. As there were a great many wild beasts in this jungle, the people who were helping him sent in dogs, made a great noise, and did all they could to frighten them away.

4. Not thinking there could be any danger after this, Mr. Black made his way through a part of the jungle to a little hill, where he



thought he could get a better view of the country.

5. But as he was walking along, all at once the ground gave way under him; and before he could do any thing to help himself, he had sunk among the shrubs and bushes, while all around him there rose a cloud of dust so thick, that, for a few moments, he could not see where he was.

6. But though he could see nothing, he heard enough to frighten him. It was the low growl of some wild beasts, and he felt sure that he had sunk into their den. And so it proved; for as soon as the dust cleared away, he found himself in a nest of tiger cubs.

7. The fact was, the white ants had been at

work, and left nothing but a thin crust of earth above the tiger's den, which broke in as soon as Mr. Black put his foot upon it.

8. When he found where he was, his fear was great, but, like a brave man, he saw his danger, and made up his mind to act calmly, and do the best he could to save his life.

9. He knew the habits of the creature into whose den he had sunk, and he felt quite sure the tigress was so near that he would not be able to escape her fury. What, then, could he do? He had no gun, no knife, not even a stick.

10. After a moment's thought, he took off his coat and tore it in strips, and wound it around his right arm. "But what was the use of that?" you may ask. You will see: it was the means of saving his life.

11. He had no sooner done this, than what should he see but the tigress, leaping over the shrubs and reeds of the jungle, and bounding toward him—her eyes flashing fire, and great jaws wide open, ready to seize and devour him.

12. There was no time to be lost. He placed his feet firmly upon the ground, and made himself ready for a deadly struggle with the dreadful foe, and then stood still.

13. In less time than this story can be read, the tigress had come near to the place where Mr. Black was standing; and then she crept along the ground, as you have seen a cat do when about to seize a bird or mouse.

14. This was a fearful sight to Mr. Black; but

he had little time to think of it, for in another moment, with one bound and a loud roar, she sprang right upon him.

15. Her great jaws were wide open, and as quick as thought, and with a sure aim, the brave man thrust his arm into her mouth, and seizing her tongue with his hand, began with all his might to twist it from side to side.

16. By doing this he was able to prevent her from closing her mouth; but she used her claws at a dreadful rate; for with them she tore off the clothes from his body, and the flesh from his bones.

17. Still he kept his grasp tight, and gave her so much pain by twisting her tongue, that she made a sudden start back, pulled it out of his hand, and, to his great joy, ran away from him into the jungle.

18. Faint with pain and loss of blood, Mr. Black made haste to get back to his men, before the tigress had time to get over her fright, and come back to her den.

QUESTIONS.—1. Where are tigers found? What do you know about them? 2. Who was Mr. Black? What was the land covered with that he went to measure? What is a jungle? What were in this jungle? Can you tell what befell Mr. Black as he was passing through the jungle? How did he defend himself against the attack of the tigress?

LESSON XXXV.

⁴anth, ²enth; ³ongs, ²ings; ²inth, ³onth.
 nth, nth; ngs, ngs; nth, nth.

shap' ¹ ed	tin' ² y	plen' ² ty	sum' ² mer
sav' ¹ ed	bus'y	vex' ¹ ed	a live' ¹
rip' ¹ est	rob' ³ bing	gath' ⁴ ers	ap ply'
fright'en'd	shock'ing	spar'row	at tend'
fright'en ed	Thom'as	hon' ⁴ ey	in tend'

THE BEE.

1. I love to see
 The busy bee—
 I love to watch the hive;
 When the sun's hot,
 They linger not,
 It makes them all alive.
2. God gives them skill,
 And, with good will,
 They to their work attend;
 Each little cell
 Is shaped so well,
 That none their work can mend.
3. Now in, now out,—
 They move about,
 Yet all in order true;
 Each seems to know
 Both where to go
 And what it has to do.

4. 'Mid summer's heat,
The honey sweet
It gathers while it may,
In tiny drops;
And never stops
To waste its time in play.

5. I hear it come,
I know its hum;
It flies from flower to flower:
And to its store
A little more
It adds, each day and hour.

6. Just so should I
My heart apply,
My proper work to mind—
Look for some sweet
In all I meet,
And store up all I find.

THE SPARROW.

1. Glad to see you, little bird!
'Twas your pretty chirp I heard:
What did you intend to say?—
“Give me something, this cold day?”
2. That I will, and plenty too;
All these crumbs I saved for you:
Don't be frighten'd—here's a treat:
I will wait and see you eat.

3. Frost and snow have made you bold;
I'll not hurt you, though I'm told
There are many reasons why
Every sparrow ought to die.
4. Thomas says you steal his wheat,
John complains his plums you eat—
Choose the ripest for your share,
Never asking whose they are.
5. Shocking tales I hear of you:
Chirp, and tell me are they true;
Robbing all the summer long:
Don't you think it very wrong?
6. Yet you seem an honest bird;
Don't be vexed at what I've heard:
Now, no grapes and plums you eat;
Now, you cannot steal the wheat.
7. So I will not try to know
What you did so long ago:
There's your breakfast, eat away;
Come and see me every day.

QUESTIONS.—1. Where does the bee live? 2. Who gives it skill?
4. When does it gather honey? Where does it get the honey? Why
does it store it away in its cell? 6. What lesson may we learn from
the bee? What can you say about the sparrow?

LESSON XXXVI.

⁴amp, ²imp; ²amz, ²emz; ³omt, emt.
¹mp, ²mp; mz, mz; mt, mt.

¹ grate'ful	³ hon'or	² up'per	in ¹ duce'
play'ing	cor'ner	³ push'ing	² im'i tate
¹ fa'mous	² move'ment	shout'ed	ap pro' ² val
² mar'bles	² slip'ping	re ply' ¹	re mem' ² ber
³ awk'ward	brisk'ly	my self' ²	pres'ent ly
walk'ing	mim'ick	neg lect'	help less ness

NOBLE BOYS.

1. A noble boy is an honor to his parents and to his school. It makes me feel happy when I meet such; and I love to tell other boys of their noble acts, that they may learn to imitate them.

2. One day as a boy had passed a basket of pears, another boy said to him, "Why did you not pocket some of those pears? There was no one there to look at you?"

3. "Yes, there was—I was there to see myself, and I don't mean to see myself do such a wicked thing," was his noble and prompt reply. He who gave this answer was poorly clothed; but he had a noble face and a true heart.

4. In a paper that I was reading a short time since, I found an account of another noble little boy, which I will give to you:

5. "One pleasant Sabbath morning a boy, neatly dressed, with books in hand, was seen walking briskly along one of the main streets of a large city, on his way to the Sabbath school.

6. "As he came near the street which led to the church, he heard boys talking and laughing, and as he turned the corner, he found them playing at marbles.

7. "They at first tried to induce him to join them; and when they found he would not do it, they began to call him names and to laugh at him; and at last, as he went firmly forward, they shouted after him, 'You dare not stop; you dare not stay away from the Sabbath school.'

8. "'No,' said the boy, as he turned round, and looked at them full in the face—'no; but I dare go, even if you do laugh at me.'"

9. Here is still another story of a little boy who had courage to do a noble act, though rude boys stood by to laugh and sneer at him:

10. "A crippled beggar in a large city was trying to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown to him from a window, when a crowd of rude boys coming about him, began to mimic his awkward movements, and to hoot at his helplessness and rags.

11. "Presently a noble little fellow came up, and pushing back the crowd, he picked up the poor crippled man's gifts, and placed them in his basket.

12. "Then slipping a piece of money into his

hand, he was running away, when a voice far above him, said, 'Little boy with a straw hat, look up!' He did so, and a lady, looking from an upper window, said with an earnest voice, 'God bless you, my little fellow! God will bless you for that.'

13. "The lady was the wife of a man so famous among the great men of the world, that every one of these boys would have been proud to obtain her approval; and when she wrote down his name as one she wished to remember, he felt more than paid for all that he had done.

14. "As he walked along he thought how glad he made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; then of the lady's smile, and her words of approval. Boys and girls, when you have a chance to do good, and feel tempted to neglect it, remember the little boy with the straw hat."

QUESTIONS.—Why would not the boy take the pears? What is said of this boy? 5. Where was the boy going one Sabbath morning? 6. As he came near the street which led to the church, what did he hear and see? 7. What did the boys do when they found he would not join them? 8. What did he say to them? Will you relate the story of the little boy with the straw hat?



LESSON XXXVII.

²ulb, ²elb; ⁴alv, ²elv; ³alz, ²ilz.
 lb, lb; lv, lv; lz, lz.

na ¹ 'ture	coax ¹ 'ed	dis ² 'tance	mount ² 'ed
plac ¹ 'ing	cur ¹ 'ed	swim ² 'ming	drown ² 'ing
seem ¹ 'ing	man ⁴ 'age	kitch ² 'en	har ² 'ness
rear ¹ 'ed	drag ² 'ged	rush ² 'ed	up ² set ² '
free ¹ 'ly	rest ² 'ive	plung ² 'ed	ex ² pence ² '
driv ¹ 'er	ob ³ 'ject	firm ² 'ness	fu ¹ 'ri ous

FRANK GRAFTON.

1. Mr. Grafton gave his son Frank permission to visit his aunt, who lived in a pleasant part of the country, at the distance of a few miles from town.

2. Among other things that pleased Frank, his aunt had a large dog, famous for his good nature and his love of water. In a short time, Frank was on the best of terms with old Lion, as he was called.

3. He used to take him out to a pond, a short distance from his aunt's house, and amuse himself by throwing sticks into the water, which Lion would swim in for and bring out in his mouth.

4. Frank, having read in some of his books how the people in some parts of the world train their dogs to draw sleds, thought he would try to induce old Lion to do something of the same sort.

5. So one day, finding himself at a loss for sport, he looked up a rope and an old kitchen chair, which he meant should answer the purpose of a sled.

6. He then coaxed Lion into a large yard behind the house, and placing the chair flat on the ground, he made him quite fast to it by means of the rope.

7. Old Lion, seeming to be well pleased, stood quite still for the harness to be put on him; and then the young driver mounted his seat, whip in hand, and made ready for a start.

8. By this time a great crowd of little boys had come into the yard to see the fun; and Frank, finding himself to be the object of their gaze, began to be rather anxious to make a hero of himself.

9. So he began to crack his whip, and to talk to his dog as he had heard drivers talk to their horses; but all this was new to Lion, and it was some time before he could make out what all these strange doings meant.

10. At length he became a little raised by Frank's treatment, and made a number of bounds, and reared like a restive horse. This was great sport for the boys that were looking on, and Frank, who seemed to think his honor was at stake, began to grow a little warm.

11. And after trying many things without success, he began to apply the lash pretty freely to the back of his steed. This made old Lion so mad, that he started off with great speed, and dragged the old kitchen chair with the driver upon it at a furious rate.

12. Frank now thought himself a hero indeed, and looked around with the air of a prince, while he kept his seat with great firmness.

13. There was at no great distance a large horse-pond, which was three or four feet deep. To this place old Lion ran when he found he could not get rid of his load; while Frank, who now began to be frightened at his success, tried to turn him from his course.

14. But all his efforts were in vain, for Lion rushed into the pond, and in a moment plunged into the very middle of it, with the young hero in the old kitchen chair behind him. This was more sport for the boys who were still watching his movements, and in spite of all their regard

for Frank, they broke forth into shouts loud and long.

15. Frank was not much pleased to hear the boys laugh at him, but he had little time to think about it, for it was as much as he could do to manage Lion and keep himself from drowning.

16. After swimming about for a few moments, Lion, by a short turn, upset the chair, and down went Frank, head and heels, into the mud and water. As soon as he could get on his feet again, he made for the shore as fast as he could, through mud, water, and reeds, which he reached with the loss of his shoes, which stuck in the mud.

17. This cured Frank of wishing to make a hero of himself at the expense of his aunt's dog.

QUESTIONS.—1. Who was Frank visiting? What was his aunt's dog famous for? 3. When Frank threw sticks into the pond, what would the dog do? 4. What had Frank read in some of his books? Can you tell how he succeeded in training Lion to draw the old kitchen chair?

LESSON XXXVIII.

³alk, ²elk; ³alp, ²ulp; ³alt, ²ilt.
lk, lk; lp, lp; lt, lt.

¹ Abel	⁴ pas'sion	crook'ed	² red'der
fac'es	ac'tion	² rub'bed	⁵ quar'el
fail'ing	² pass'ing	burst'ing	quar'el ing
break'ing	spoil'ing	troub'le	quar'el some
li'lac	³ call'ing	un known ¹	for giv'ing ²
blow'ing	wasp'ish	in sult ²	pro vok'ing ¹

THE QUARREL.

1. Abel Howe could not live without quarrelling. Some boys are of a kind, gentle, and forgiving temper; but this was not the case with Abel. He would pick a quarrel with his brother about the least trifle in the world.

2. But if Abel Howe was quarrelsome, his sister Emma was quite as sharp in her temper, and a word was enough to set her and Abel by the ears. Scarcely a day passed without a quarrel taking place between them.

3. One day when Emma was trying to amuse herself by blowing a feather in the air, Abel came up to her, and began to blow it away from her. It was a feather, it is true; but Emma was in as great a passion as if it had been a thing of much value.

4. "Let my feather alone," said she; "it is not yours, and you have no right to touch it."

5. "It came off one of my fowls," said Abel, "and is as much mine as yours."

6. "You shall not have it," said Emma.

7. "I will have it;" and saying this, Abel caught the feather and rubbed it in his hands, so that it would no longer fly in the air.

8. "You are very provoking," said Emma as she burst into tears.

9. "You are a silly, waspish girl, to make so much fuss about a feather."

10. "I will tell father of your spoiling my feather," said Emma, "that I will."

11. "And I will tell him of your falling into a passion and calling me names," said Abel.

12. "You need not be at that trouble, either of you," said their father, coming out of the summer house, where, unknown to them, he had been sitting all the while, seeing them through the lilac bushes, and hearing every word they said.

13. At the sight of her father, Emma put one of her fingers in her mouth, and bent her eyes on the ground; while Abel looked as if he would like to crawl into some very dark place, where his father could not see him.

14. Both their faces were red with shame, as well they might be; for they knew that both their father and mother had tried again and again, to show them how foolish and wicked it was for them to quarrel with each other.

15. "Come into the summer house with me," said Mr. Howe, kindly, "for I have just met with a pleasant little tale, that may do you good. Sit down while I read aloud to you." He then read to them from a book the story which follows:

16. "A pin and a needle, being neighbors in a work-basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

17. "'I should like to know,' said the pin, what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?"

18. "'What is the use of your head,' said the needle, rather sharply, 'if you have no eye?"

19. "'What is the use of an eye,' said the pin, 'if there is always something in it?"

20. "'I am more active, and can go through more work than you can,' said the needle.

21. "'Yes, but you will not live long.'

22. "'Why not?"

23. "'Because you have always a stitch in your side,' said the pin.

24. "'You're a poor, crooked creature,' said the needle.

25. "'And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back.'

26. "'I'll pull your head off, if you insult me again.'

27. "'I'll put your eye out, if you touch me; remember, your life hangs by a single thread,' said the pin.

28. "While they were talking thus, a little girl came in, and began to sew with the needle,

and soon broke it off at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and making an attempt to sew with it, she soon pulled its head off, and threw it down by the side of the broken needle."

29. If the faces of Abel and Emma were red with shame before their father had read the tale to them, they were much redder when he ended it.

30. "Do try," said he, "to get the better of the failing you so often fall into. We may smile at the thought of a pin and needle quarreling; but we cannot smile at the sad fault of a brother and sister quarreling, and making use of angry words about a feather.

31. "Do not quarrel about nothing, as the pin and needle did, but be kind and forgiving to one another."

QUESTIONS.—What is this lesson about? 1. and 2. What can you say of the disposition of Emma and Abel? Can you tell about their quarrel? Will you relate the story their father read to them? Why did he read it? 30. What did he then say to them? Do you think a pin or needle can talk?

LESSON XXXIX.

³orb, ²urb; ²arj, urj; erd, ard.
rb, rb; rj, rj; rd, rd.

¹ pa'tient	⁴ an'ger	² guess	³ con'quer
¹ weav'er	man'age	clev'er	² pun'ish
e'qual	dam'age	set'tle	² part'ed
eat'ing	man'gled	friend'ly	re ¹ main'
¹ si'lent	squall'ing	² mis'chief	sup ¹ pose'
squire	paus'ed	miss'ing	your ² self'

HOW TO MANAGE NEIGHBORS.

1. I once had a neighbor, who, though a clever man, came to me one day, and said, "Squire White, I want you to come and get your geese away."

2. "Why," said I, "what have my geese been doing?"

3. "They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and drive them away, and I will not have it."

4. "What can I do?" said I.

5. "You must yoke them."

6. "That I have not time to do now," said I; "I think I must let them run."

7. "If you do not take care of them I shall," said the clever weaver in anger: "What do you say, Squire White?"

8. "I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all the damage they do."

9. "Well you will find that a hard bargain, I guess," said he. So off he went, and in a short time I heard a terrible squalling among the geese.

10. The next news from my geese was, three of them were missing. My children found them very much mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes. "Now," said I, "all keep still, and let me punish him."

11. In a few days the weaver's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them there, but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road. By this time the weaver came in great haste after them.

12. "Have you seen any thing of my hogs?" said he.

13. "Yes, sir; you will find them in the road, eating up some corn which they tore down in my field."

14. "In your field?"

15. "Yes, sir," said I; "hogs love corn, you know; they were made to eat it."

16. "How much mischief have they done?"

17. "Oh, not much," said I.

18. Well, he went to look, and thought the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn.

19. "Oh, no," said I, "it cannot be."

20. "Yes," said the weaver, "and I will pay you every cent of damage."

21. "No," said I, "you will pay me nothing. My geese have been a great trouble to you." The weaver blushed, and went home.

22. The next winter, when we came to settle, the weaver wished to pay me for my corn. "No," said I, "I shall take nothing."

23. After some talk we parted; but in a day or two I met him on the road, and we stopped to say a few friendly words to each other. But when I started on, he did not seem willing to move, and paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last, he said—

24. "I have something on my mind."

25. "Well, what is it?"

26. "Those geese. I killed three or four of your geese, and I shall never rest till I tell you how I feel. I am sorry." And the tears came into his eyes.

27. "Oh, well," said I, "never mind; I suppose my geese were provoking." I never took any thing of him for it; and when my cattle broke into his field after this, he seemed glad, because he could show how patient he could be.

28. "Now," said Mr. White, "conquer yourself, and you can conquer with kindness where you can conquer in no other way."

QUESTIONS.—3. What mischief had Squire White's geese been doing? 8. What did he say when the weaver asked him to take care of them? 10. How many geese were missing in a few days? 10. Where were they found? 26. Who had killed them? How did Squire White punish him for this? What is the best way to punish a person who has done you an injury?



LESSON XL.

⁴erl, ²url; ²arm, ²orm; ³orn, ²urn.
¹rl, ¹rl; ¹rm, ¹rm; ¹rn, ¹rn.

ska ¹ 'ter	sweet ¹ 'ly	stead ² 'y	stud ¹ 'y
ere	crack ⁴ 'ing	trip ² 'ping	a while ¹ '
blith ¹ ē	glass ² 'y	spir ¹ 'its	out vie ² '
guide	fast ¹ 'er	pit ¹ 'y	a ware ¹ '
twi ¹ 'light	plod ³ 'ding	quick ¹ 'en	skil ² 'ful ly
ice-bound	north ¹ 'ern	In ¹ 'dian	to-mor ³ 'row

SKATER'S SONG.

- Here we go,
 Steady and slow,
 Plodding awhile behind;
 Faster we hie,
 Till away we fly,
 Swift as the northern wind.

2. Blithe and gay,
We speed our way
Over the ice-bound river;
From side to side,
Like a bird we glide,
Or a dart from an Indian's quiver.

3. Look out! look out!
Mind what you're about,
And skilfully guide your feet;
Take care! take care!
Or ere you're aware,
Your head will be cracking the sleet.

4. There, down he goes—
I pity his woes,
For he falls like a bar of lead;
Now he can tell,
I ween, pretty well,
Whether ice is as hard as his head.

5. Ha! ha! you see
He's as merry as we,
And he's up and off again:
Now for a race
With a quicker pace
Over the glassy plain.

6. Blithe and gay,
We speed our way
Over the ice-bound river;
From side to side,
Like a bird we glide,
Or a dart from an Indian's quiver.

7. Away we fly,
 And the wind outvie,
And our spirits keep time with the flight;
 Thus the day
 Glides away,
And sweetly blends with night.
8. Thanks we'll give,
 While we live,
That our hearts are free from sorrow;
 And though we play
 With such glee to-day,
We'll study the better to-morrow.
9. From side to side
 Like a bird we glide,
Till the twilight time is o'er;
 And when at last
 Our sport is past,
We'll glide like a bird to the shore.
10. And now we go
 Over the snow,
To our happy homes away;
 Tripping along,
 With mirth and song,
Till we come—to the end of our lay.

LESSON XLI.

²urv, ²erv; ²ark, ²urk; ²arp, ²orp.
²rv, ²rv; ²rk, ²rk; ²rp, ²rp.

¹ squeeze	⁴ ram'ble	² get'ting	mouth'ful
scream'ed	sav'age	² laugh'ed	for'est
seiz'ed	cap'tive	² whis'tling	¹ us'u al
read'er	² ug'ly	whis'tled	ter'ri ble
¹ gi'ant	strug'gled	vic'tims	delight'ed
¹ roast'ing	love'ly	pris'on	i'ron (¹ i'urn)

LITTLE DICK AND THE GIANT.

1. Poor little Dick! what a gay, blithe fellow he was! He used to go singing and whistling about nearly all day; he was always merry, and scarcely any thing could make him sad.

2. One day, little Dick thought he would have a ramble in a large forest at some distance from his home. He had often been to the sides of it before, but it looked so dark he was afraid to enter.

3. But Dick was more merry than usual on this day, for the day was so pleasant, and the flowers looked so lovely, that he sung and whistled till he made the woods ring again.

4. He delighted himself for some time among the trees and flowers, and at last seemed quite glad to have found out such a sweet spot. There was a brook running through the wood,

and the waters looked so clear, that Dick thought he would take a drink.

5. But just as he was about to do so, he was seized from behind, and found himself in the hands of a great, tall, fierce, ugly-looking giant, a hundred times larger than himself; for Dick was not much larger than the giant's thumb.

6. The giant looked at him with savage delight; his mouth opened wide, and he made a noise which seemed to Dick terrible. Dick thought the giant would have eaten him up alive, at one mouthful.

7. He did not do this, but he put him in a large bag to carry him off. The poor little captive tried all he could to get out of the bag, but to no purpose, for the giant held him fast. He screamed and struggled, and tried to tear a hole in the bag; but the giant only laughed, and still walked on.

8. At last the giant came to his house—a dark-looking place, with a high wall all around it, and no trees or flowers. When he got in, he shut the door, and took Dick out of the bag. Dick now thought his time was come. When he looked around, he saw a large fire, and before it hung four victims like himself, roasting for the giant's supper.

9. The giant did not kill Dick, but he took him by the body, and gave him such a squeeze as to put him in great pain; he then threw him into a prison which he had all ready for him.

It was quite dark, and iron bars were all around, to prevent him from getting out.

10. Dick was almost mad with fright: he beat his head against the iron bars; he rushed back and forth in his prison, and made furious efforts to get out.

11. After watching a while, the giant gave him a piece of bread and a little water, and left him. The next day the giant came and looked, and found that Dick had eaten none of his bread; so he took him by the head, and put some of it down his throat, and seemed quite vexed to think he would not eat. Poor Dick was too much frightened to eat or drink.

12. He was left in the dark another day, and a sad day it was. The poor fellow thought of his own home, his playmates, the trees and the many nice things he used to get to eat; and then he screamed and tried to get between the iron bars, and beat his poor head and limbs till they were sore in trying to get out.

13. The giant came again, and wanted Dick to sing the same as he sang when he was at home, and to be happy and merry. Sing, sing, sing! said he; but poor Dick was much too sad to sing—a prison was no place to sing songs in.

14. The giant now seemed quite in a rage, and took Dick out to make him sing, as he said. Dick gave one loud scream, a plunge, a struggle, and sank dead in the giant's hand. Ah! my young reader, poor Dick was a little bird, and that giant was a cruel little boy.

LESSON XLII.

²urf, ²erf; ¹obd, ²ubd; ¹obz, ¹ubz.
 rf, rf; bd, bd; bz, bz.

¹ gain'ed	bound'ed	thrash' ⁴ ing	scorn' ³ ed
rac'ing	² un'cle	lash'ed	reins (¹ ranz)
¹ near'er	bug'gy	fam'ily	wolves (³ wulvz)
lead'ing	kit'tens	re' ¹ minds	mew'ed (¹ mu'd)
driv'ing	bris'tling	a light'ed	mew'ing (¹ mu'ing)
fly'ing	grin'ning	un ² earth'ly	bus'iness (² biz'ness)

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY OF THE WILD-CAT.

1. "Come, Uncle John," said Thomas, "tell us a story, as we ride along this quiet place." "Yes, uncle," said little Willie, "do tell us a story about bears or wolves."

2. "I do not think of a story about bears or wolves just now," said uncle John; "but this very spot reminds me of a short race I had with a wild-cat, which I will tell you about, since you must have a story:

3. "I was driving along this road in a buggy, with as fast a horse as ever scorned a whip, when, some ten rods before us, just by that large oak, a wild-cat, leading three kittens, came out of the wood, ran across the road, and went into those bushes on our left; and I thought what nice pets they would make, and wished I had one.

4. "When I came up, I saw one of the

young ones in the edge of the bushes, but a few feet off, and I heard, or thought I heard, the old one stealing along deep in the woods. I sprang out, caught up the kitten, threw it into the buggy, jumped in, and started.

5. "When I laid hands on it, it mewed, and kept mewling; and as I seized the reins, I heard a sharp growl and thrashing through the brush. I knew the old one was coming, and the next instant she bounded over a log, and alighted in the middle of the road.

6. "She turned quick as thought, and gave an unearthly squall as she saw me racing away, and bounded after at a furious rate, with such yells as I never heard, and never wish to hear again. On she came, with her eyes flashing, her hair bristling, and her teeth grinning; and she gained on me so fast, that for very fear I threw her kitten out, and lashed the flying horse.

7. "She scarcely paused to notice her young one, but bounded forward, as though she meant to punish me for trying to amuse myself at the expense of her family. Nearer and nearer she came, bounding and squalling in a terrible manner; and every moment I thought her next leap would be upon my back.

8. "With my shoulders raised and body bent forward, waiting for the fearful burden, I scarcely breathed for a few moments; and I cannot tell how my race would have ended, if the mewling of her kittens had not caused the terrible creature to turn back.

9. "Here, at the top of this pitch, I looked back, and saw her standing with her young one in her mouth, looking after me, as though she had half a mind to drop the kitten, and give chase again.

10. "I gave the horse a cut, and did not feel quite safe till I had got some miles away. I made up my mind from that time forward to let young kittens alone, and mind my own business."

QUESTIONS.—What did Thomas ask his uncle to do? What did Willie wish him to tell about? 2. What did "Uncle John" say he would tell them? Can you relate the story of the wild-cat?

LESSON XLIII.

²afs, ²ofs; ¹ivd, ²ivd; ²ivl, ³ovl.
fs, fs; vd, vd; vl, vl.

¹ mere'ly	⁴ fan'cy	² tip'pet	im ² pres'sion
creep'ing	gar'ret	re ² fer'	² suf'fer ed
¹ most'ly	² cut'ting	for ³ got	se ¹ vere'ly
coax'ing	nurs'ing	af ¹ fair'	re ² prov'ed
know'ing	³ brawn'y	en ¹ gag'ed	cr ¹ u'el ty
hop'ing	thought'less	ad ¹ mir'ed	grat ⁴ 'ify

GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

1. "Oh, grandfather, we have made such a nice place for you to sit, just down in the grove by the side of the brook; and we want you to go and see it, and tell us a story while you rest



yourself in the cool shade. Tell us about when you were a boy. Grandma says you were always in mischief, and always cutting capers. Now do tell us about some scrapes you fell into."

2. "I am not sure, boys, that it is proper to tell you about my scrapes," said the grandfather, "for I think you have enough of your own. It is true, as your grandma says, that I did often cut capers, and some of them I do not like to remember very well; yet one of these I will tell you, because I think it may do you good."

3. "What were you throwing stones at, as I was coming across the meadow?"

4. "Oh," said Frank, "that was Widow Grafton's old cat. We had fine sport, only we could not hit her once."

5. "Perhaps," said the grandfather, "you did not stop to think that your conduct was cruel to the cat, and unkind to Mrs. Grafton. I will tell you about a very cruel act which I did, when I was about your age."

6. By this time they had reached the grove, where Frank and Willie had made a kind of a summer-house, in which they hoped their good old grandfather would find it pleasant to rest, when he went out to take his morning walk.

7. After they had given him the best seat, they took their places in front of him, and showed by their looks that they were waiting for his story, which he began as follows:

8. "You must know that at the time I refer to we had an old cat, mostly black, but her tail was tipped with white, and she had a ring of white around her neck.

9. "Well, she had four kittens; two of them were killed in some way, and of the two that were left one was quite white, and the other was like the old one. My sister Ellen took a great fancy to the white one, and called it hers; the other was mine.

10. "When these kittens were grown to a pretty size, my mother thought she could not have so many cats about the house; so one day, when Jim Steele came with a load of wood for us, she went into the yard, and said, 'Jim, I wish you would take away that old cat, and be sure not to let her come back again, for I cannot have so many cats.'

11. "Jim was a large, stout man, with the strength of a giant in his brawny arm, and not much kindness in his heart. He did not want the cat at home; so as soon as my mother shut the door, he seized the cat, raised her in the air over his head, and threw her with all his force over the yard fence into the garden, which was some two or three feet lower than the yard.

12. "'There,' said he, 'I think she will not trouble you again.' Sure enough, he had killed her. Perhaps you think I was angry at Jim, or sorry for the cat; not at all. I admired the strength of this man's arm. There seemed to me something grand in his power to throw the cat with such force as to kill her. I wished I could do so too.

13. "I ran into the house, and told mother that Jim had killed the old cat; and she, not thinking or knowing what impression it had made on my mind, only said she was glad of it.

14. "Some time after this, I was in the garret with my sister, and her white kitten was playing there with us. All at once it came into my head that I would throw this kitten out of the garret window, and see if I could not throw her hard enough to kill her, as Jim did the old cat.

15. "So I took her, when my sister was not looking, and threw her with all my strength to the ground; but I did not kill her, though she was very much hurt. She dragged herself away

to the barn, and lived two or three days; then we found her dead on a heap of straw behind the barn.

16. "My sister's sorrow was great; she knew what I had done, and thought me very cruel. I never thought my conduct was cruel till I saw the poor kitten creeping round, and my sister nursing her and coaxing her to eat. Oh, how I wished I had not done it!

17. "My mother called me to an account for what I had done, and I told her that I thought to have killed her at once, as Jim did the old cat; but she did not think this a good reason for doing such a cruel thing, and reproved me severely; but I felt the tears of my meek and gentle sister more than any thing else.

18. "In time Ellen seemed to forget her kitten, and the affair passed by, but the lesson I then learned I never forgot; and I have told you about this scrape, as you call it, hoping that you may be kept by it from thoughtless acts of cruelty—like that, boys, in which you were engaged to-day.

19. "You were throwing stones at Widow Grafton's cat, merely to gratify a love of fun. Just suppose you had broken one of her legs with a stone; the poor creature would have suffered a great deal, till it would have been a kindness to kill her. And I happen to know what you do not—that this old cat is very dear to Widow Grafton, because she was the pet of her only daughter, who died a year ago."

20. "Oh, no," said Willie and Frank; "we did not know that before. We will never pelt her again, and will tell the other boys not to do so."

21. "That is right, my boys," said the grandfather; "and I hope, with all your love of sport, you will remember never to be cruel to any thing, not even a cat."

QUESTIONS.—1. Where had the boys made a place for their grandfather to sit? Why did they want him to tell them about when he was a boy? 2. What did their grandfather say about his scrapes? 3 and 4. What had the boys been doing a few minutes before? 5. What did their grandfather think of this conduct? Had he ever acted so cruelly? What had he done? Can you relate the story that he told the boys? Why did he tell them this story?

LESSON XLIV.

²ūvn, ²īvn; ¹īvz, ²īvz; ¹ost, ²ust.
vn, vn; vz, vz; st, st.

¹ gaz'ed	¹ roll'ed	An'nie	hol'low ³
sha'dy	sto'ries	twist'ed ²	fore'head
¹ wcep'ing	² beg'ged	giv'ing	long'ed
griev'ed	fret'ful	hur'ried ²	shock'ed
breath'ing	cough (kaf) ³	birth'day	ad vice' ¹
¹ wild'ly	mass'es ²	touch'ed	dis turb' ²

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

1. Little Annie Gray was just eight years old. Her mother had been sick for many long and weary months. Her face was pale, and she

had a deep hollow cough, which often brought tears to Annie's eyes, though she knew little of death, to which it might lead.

2. Annie's mother loved her fondly, and gave her good advice, and taught her many useful things. She used often, when she was well enough to walk in the field, to lead her out, and tell her of the goodness of God in giving us pretty flowers, green meadows, and shady forests, which so much delighted her.

3. Annie loved to talk with her mother, but of late she had not had permission to see her much. When she played with her ball, she was sent to the yard, that the noise might not disturb her mother; and when she played with her doll in the house, the nurse would say, "Be very quiet, Annie, and do not trouble your mother."

4. But this was Annie's eighth birthday, and this day she was to spend with her mother. She was too weak to say much to her, but she had in store for her many presents, and among others a very pretty book, which pleased her more than all the rest. She thought she should never become weary of looking at the nice cuts and reading the pleasant tales.

5. She had looked at it some time, when her mother said, "Will my little girl read to me a few verses from the Bible?" But Annie had not done with her book. She chose, like many other little girls I have known, rather to please herself than her mother; and she said in a fret-

ful tone, "I do not wish to read now. The nurse will read for you."

6. Annie's mother said nothing, but she looked sad—so sad that Annie could not look at her book any longer; so she took the Bible and read a few verses, but in so low a tone, and so fast, and with so sour a face, that her mother took no pleasure in hearing her,

7. Soon Mrs. Gray said, "I am very sick, nurse; you may take Annie away now." The nurse took the little girl to her bedside, and then, for the first time, she saw how pale that mother was; but the look of sorrow which her mother gave her when she kissed her as usual, touched her heart more than all the rest. But she was still too fretful to ask her mother to forgive her.

8. After supper Annie was put to bed, but she could not sleep. The grieved, sad face of that dear mother was before her eyes as soon as she shut them.

9. She thought how kind her mother had always been to her; how many times she had read stories to her before she had learned to call hard words herself, and she longed now to kiss and ask her to forgive her; but she must wait till morning.

10. Oh, how she longed for the first dawn of light! There she lay on her little bed in the dark room, wishing morning would come. Soon she heard a noise, like many people going to and from her mother's room.

11. Hark! some one comes to her door. It opens and the nurse enters in haste. Her eyes are red, and she is weeping. "Nurse, why do you cry so, and why have you come to my room? is it morning?"

12. "No, Annie, it is not morning. Your mother is much worse and asks for you." The nurse hurried her to the dying bed; but, oh! how shocked she was, as she gazed upon that mother, with whom she had parted but a few short hours before.

13. Her cheek was still very pale, her eyes very large and bright; her long, dark hair, which Annie had twisted round her fingers so often, lay in damp, heavy masses on her forehead; and her breathing was very short and quick.

14. Annie did not know what death was, but she felt that her mother was going to leave her, and wildly she threw her arms about her neck, and begged her to forgive her. Little strength was left to the dying mother; but with an effort she said, "I do. Ask God to forgive you." And little Annie never heard her voice again. Her mother was dead.

15. Years have rolled away, and Annie—no longer little Annie—still lives, but lives to be kind to all. She still remembers her mother's last words; and the thought that she was unkind to her in her last moments, has caused many a tear to dim her eye; and she says to all little children, "Do not sin against God by

being unkind to your parents." My little readers, are you ever fretful or unkind to your parents? Remember little Annie!

QUESTIONS.—1. How old was Annie? 3. Why could she not see her mother often? 4. What was she permitted to do on her birthday? 4. What did her mother give to her on that day? 5. After Annie had looked at the pictures in her book for some time, what did her mother ask her to do? 5. What reply did she make? Why could she not sleep after being put to bed? What happened during the night?

LESSON XLV.

⁴adz, ¹edz; ²akn, okn; ⁴aks, ²iks.
dz, dz; kn, kn; ks, ks.

sweet ¹ 'est	gloss ³ 'y	glanc ² 'ed	per suade ¹ '
free ¹ 'dom	fond ¹ 'ly	lim ² 'its	your selves ² '
slight ¹ 'ly	sob ¹ 'bing	con fine ¹ '	re solv ³ 'ed
nar ⁴ 'row	fond ¹ 'ness	dis tress ² '	pit ² 'i ed
ber ² 'ries	rob ¹ 'in	per mit ² '	self ² 'ish ness
let ¹ 'ting	strong ¹ 'ly	in flict ¹ '	in ² 'jur ed

THE ROBIN.

1. "See, Emma! what a pretty little robin I have brought to you!" said Thomas, as he showed the frightened little creature to his sister.

2. "Oh! the dear little thing!" said Emma. "Where did you get it?"

3. "I found it in the middle of the walk in the garden," said Thomas. "It was hopping



along, and I thought it was looking for a worm; but as I came nearer, I saw that its wing was hurt so that it could not fly very much. So I walked up and caught it as gently as I could."

4. "What a pretty looking little bird it is," said Emma, "with its red breast, its glossy feathers, and his bright black eyes. Poor little thing! how sorry I am that its wing is hurt! Do you think it is broken?"

5. "No; I think it is but slightly injured," said Thomas; "and I think it will be as well as ever in the course of a few days."

6. "What shall we do with it?" asked Emma. "Shall we get a cage for it, and try to tame it?"

7. "I am not sure that it will be proper for us to confine it in a cage. Let us go and talk with our mother about it; and if she will permit us to keep the dear little thing, we will soon get a cage for it."

8. Emma and Thomas were good children, and always meant to do right; but their fondness for pets was so great that they were sometimes tempted to do what was cruel and selfish. The little robin which Thomas had caught was indeed very pretty, and they both felt anxious to keep it, and went to their mother resolved to persuade her to let them do so.

9. "Oh mother! see what a dear little robin we have!" said Thomas, as he and his sister went into the room where their mother was sitting. "I caught it in the garden, where I found it with its wing so much hurt that it could not fly. Will you not get a cage for us, and let us keep it, and try to tame it?"

10. "And would you like to shut up this little robin in a small cage, when it has always been used to going just where it pleased?" asked the mother. "See how frightened it is, and how it struggles to get away! Could you have the heart to do it, my dear children?"

11. Emma and Thomas looked as if they scarcely knew what answer to make; they glanced first at the face of their mother, and then at the robin. "We would be very kind to it; we would not hurt it for any thing," said the children.

12. "I know, my children, you would not inflict pain upon it, if you thought that you were doing so," said the mother; "but don't you suppose it would distress the little robin to confine it within the narrow limits of a little wire cage?"

13. "But we will not keep it in a cage always; for as soon as it becomes tame, we will let it fly about the room."

14. "You can find no room, my children, so large and pleasant for the robin as its own wild home, in the fresh, green woods, where it can fly and hop about, and sing with other little robins. There it can find fruit and other things it likes to eat; but, shut up in your little cage, it may starve, because you do not know what it likes best."

15. Emma and Thomas heard their mother through. They felt that she was right; and they pitied the robin, but they were a little too selfish, too much delighted with their pretty little captive, to think of letting it go. At last, they looked up into her face and said in an earnest voice—

16. "We will be careful to feed the robin every day, so that it cannot starve. We will hang the cage out among the green leaves, and that will make it believe it is in its nest at home; and as to its being shut up all the time, it will soon get used to it, and not mind it at all."

17. "I am sorry, my children, very sorry, to find you so anxious to keep this little bird; but

since I am not able to persuade you to do what I am sure you think is right, I will permit you to keep it; but I am quite sure that you will both feel very sorry for what you are about to do, before many weeks have passed."

18. Thomas and Emma kept the robin, and day after day, for many weeks after this, they might be seen fondling and watching over their prize. They fed it on the sweetest berries; they took its cage out into the woods, and tried by every means to make their little captive forget its sorrow; and their success was even greater than they had hoped for.

19. The robin would eat out of their hands, and did not struggle for its freedom. But still its home was in the green woods, and it never could feel as happy anywhere else as it could there.

20. One day the children came into the house, sobbing as if their hearts would break. "The dear little robin is dead." These were their first words. Thomas held up in his hand the half-eaten body of their pet. The cat had done the mischief. She had caught and half eaten the pretty creature before they could get it from her.

21. The mother felt bad to see the sorrow of her children, and she took them by the hand, and tried to impress upon their minds a useful lesson. "Never," said she, "when you know a thing to be wrong, persuade yourself that it is right, merely because you wish to do it."

22. "When you grow up, you will often be tempted to do wrong. Remember the dear little robin. You knew it was wrong to keep it, but tried to persuade yourselves that it was right, merely because you wished to do so. You were selfish. You thought of your own pleasure more than that of your pretty little captive. You see how sad has been its fate. Had you suffered it to go free, how happy it might have been now in its pleasant home!"

23. I hope Emma and Thomas never forgot what their mother said to them. Little readers, I hope you, also, will remember this lesson. Never, through selfishness, persuade yourselves that wrong is right.

QUESTIONS.—1. What did Thomas bring to his sister? 3. Where did he find the robin? 4. What did Emma say when he gave it to her? 10. Did their mother think it would be right to shut up the robin in a cage? 11. What reply did Emma and Thomas make? 17. Did they at length obtain their mother's consent to keep it? 12. What happened to the robin? Can you tell what their mother said to them when she saw the dead robin?

LESSON XLVI.

⁴agd, ²igd; ⁴agl, ¹igl; ³ogz, ²igz.
²gd, ²gd; ¹gl, ¹gl; ²gz, ²gz.

¹ fireside'	¹ ta'ble	sound'ed	Hard'y ²
ris'ing	swell'ing ²	loud'ly	cap'tain ⁴
¹ home'ward	ves'sel	drown'ed	grat'i tude
fro'zen	per'il	cross'ing ³	list'en ed ²
chok'ed	rus'tle ²	cot'tage	heav'ily ²
float'ed	joy'ful	Bos'ton	for sak'en ¹

THE WOODCUTTER.

1. One winter day Thomas Hardy was crossing the river on the ice, when all at once it began to break, for the water was rising in the river. He saw one large cake of it float away; so he ran as fast as he could; but before he got to the shore, the ice he was on broke loose, and he was taken off into the middle of the river.

2. He called to his mother, but she could not hear. He then shouted for Mr. Smith, but he was far in the woods, at his house, and could not hear him call. Here was poor Thomas in the river alone, and on a great field of ice. It was a very cold day, and the poor boy thought he would be frozen.

3. He had no kind mother at his side, to bring him supper after a hard day's work. All alone! His heart almost sunk within him when

he thought of home and his poor mother, left alone too.

4. After an hour or two, Mrs. Hardy thought Thomas was a great while in coming home. So she went out and called. But no Thomas was there to speak to her. So she said to herself—"He is gone away, but will be back soon; he is a good boy, and will not stay away from me any longer than he can help."

5. But Thomas did not come; so Mrs. Hardy went over to Mr. Smith's, but he did not know where Thomas was. Then she went to Mr. Brown's, but her boy had not been there. How sad was the poor mother now!

6. She thought her boy had been killed, or drowned, or lost; and after waiting a long time, she went to see if her neighbors would help her to look for her lost Thomas. The good people all turned out and went up and down the hills, and woods, and roads, and into every house, and then sent to all places where Thomas was in the habit of going; but he could not be found or heard of.

7. Three or four days thus passed away, and her son did not appear, and the poor widow felt that she was left alone in the world. Her home, where she had spent so many happy days with her son, now seemed forsaken. If she looked at the chair he used to sit in, her eyes would fill with tears. If she looked at the door, she would think how often she had seen him enter it with his smiling face.

8. If she heard a leaf rustle, or the wind shake the branches of the old tree which grew by her cottage, she thought it was Thomas coming back again. When she sat down to eat at her little table, she would feel almost choked, with her swelling heart bursting with sorrow. Poor lone widow! how sad were her days and nights as they wore heavily away!

9. One day, after Thomas had been gone some time, Mrs. Hardy was sitting by her fireside, when she heard something that sounded like people talking loudly near her cottage. She listened, and some one of them said, "She is at home;" and before she could open the door, Thomas jumped in, and threw his arms around her neck. Oh! how joyful was the poor widow now! She could not speak for joy, but she drew him to her bosom, and wept over her lost boy who was found again.

10. Mr. Smith and his son, who came along with Thomas, soon went away, and left the two happy ones to tell each other about all that had taken place since he left his home.

11. Thomas told his mother that when he was taken away on the ice, he floated out far into the bay; by-and-by a vessel came along, but he could not make the crew hear his voice, he was so far away. But after a while, the captain told his mate he saw something strange on a large cake of ice, and he thought it looked like a man.

12. He started out in his boat, and came up

with him, when he was almost frozen. He took him into his boat, and they were all on board of the vessel in a little while, when every thing was done for the boy's comfort.

13. The captain with his vessel was bound for Boston, and he took Thomas with him. He saw many great and strange sights in Boston, and the captain was very kind to him, and put him on another vessel bound homeward. And there he was, he said, at home with his mother once more.

14. Great was the joy of the poor widow and her son to see each other again, and their hearts were filled with gratitude to God for having watched over and taken care of Thomas in his hour of peril.

QUESTIONS.—1. What made the ice break when Thomas was crossing the river? 1. What did Thomas do when he found the ice was breaking? 1. Did he get off? 5 and 6. What did his mother do when Thomas did not come home? 6. Where did the neighbors search for him? 7. How did his mother feel when they did not find him? 9. What did she hear one day some time after this? 9. Who entered the cottage a few moments after? Where had Thomas been carried, and how did he get back?

LESSON XLVII.

⁴azm, ²izm; ²izn, ²uzn; ²inz, ²enz.
zm, zm; zn, zn; nz, nz.

dai'sies	dint'ed	arch'ing	be side'
sneez'ed	print'ed	grass'y	sur prise'
ros'es	prick'ly	moss'y	ap proach'
vel'vet	glis'ten	spot'ted	va'ri ed
search'ed	lis'ten	grunt'ed	pol'ish ed
rel'ish	silk'y	foot'steps	af front'ed
speck'led	skip'ping	glint'ing	vi'o lets

THE FAWN.

1. Have you ever seen a fawn, quite near,
And standing at your side?
And did you stroke his silky ear,
And pat his spotted hide?
2. When we were little girls like you,
Once walking near the trees,
Where bloom'd wild flowers of varied hue,
Sweet roses and blue daisies,
3. We heard a sound, and looking back,
A fawn all blithe and tripping,
Across a soft and mossy track,
Was coming toward us, skipping!



4. He stood beside us, and his eyes,
So large, and black, and bright,
Did seem to speak of kind surprise,
And fondness, and delight.
5. His tiny hoofs of polished black
Deep in the moss were dinted;
His arching neck and velvet back
With glossy specks were printed.
6. He rubb'd his little silky nose
Against my cheek and hand,
And look'd as if he'd like to coze,
So kind he seem'd, and bland!

7. He searched our basket, smelt our gloves,
And how he sneezed and grunted;
For we had nothing that he loves,
And so he felt affronted!
8. Our violets, and prickly rose,
And our meadow daisies,
At such he twisted up his nose,
And could not relish these.
9. O spotted fawn! O speckled fawn!
He sees a soft eye glisten,
And there, across the grassy lawn,
An ear is pricked to listen.
10. He sees that ear, he knows that eye—
There dare approach no other:
Away his glinting footsteps fly;
It is the doe—his mother!

LESSON XLVIII.

³osp, ²isp; ²est, ²ist; ³ozl, ²uzl.
 sp, sp; st, st; zl, zl.

dar'ed	dear'ly	thorn	pick'ing
shar'ed	beau'ty	clos'et	hid'den
pray'er	dart'ed	toss'ing	re cess'
pray'ed	dan'gling	sob'bed	con tent'
wak'ing	Lang'don	drop'ping	heav'i er
sigh'ed	hunt'ed	tremb'ling	for giv'en

THE BLUE BAG.

1. Among Mary Langdon's pretty playthings there was nothing to equal the blue bag which Mrs. Day gave her—at least in Susan's eye. Oh, that little blue velvet bag! such a beauty! and just such a one as she wanted. She wished Mrs. Day would give her one; she would care a great deal more about it than Mary did.

2. And Susan looked at it and held it up by the strings, and danced it on her fingers, and tried to believe it was hers; but after all, it was Mary's. "Oh dear!" sighed little Susan. Many days passed, and every time she went to Mary's house, she looked at the little blue bag with longing eyes, and said, "Oh dear!"

3. One day as she was going up the steps to ask Mary to walk, what should she spy dangling on the bush under the window but the blue bag.

Susan darted her eyes at every window; no one was looking; she seized the little blue bag and put it into her pocket. Just then some one came to the door and said that Mary was out, which Susan was not sorry to hear.

4. So she ran home with the prize in her pocket. "I only picked it up," she kept saying to herself; "there's no harm in that—I only picked it up." Susan then went by herself, took it out, held it up, hung it on her arm, and gazed upon it to her heart's content; it was such a beauty!

5. But when she heard steps on the stairs, she took it off her arm and hid it in her pocket. Her mother came into the room, but dearly as she loved her mother, what had just delighted her she dared not ask her mother to delight in also. Oh no! and after a few kind words from her mother, Susan stole away into the garden.

6. When night came, she was at a loss to know what to do with the bag: her mother might go to her pocket, so it was not safe there; nor could she be sure of keeping it hidden in any drawer or closet. It seemed as if there was no place where she could conceal it from her mother's eye.

7. At last she put it under her pillow, where it gave her as much trouble as a thorn, for she kept waking up and feeling after it all night. "Oh dear!" sighed the little girl, as she rose in the morning, not being in haste, as usual, to go to her mother's room. "Oh dear!" she sighed,

dropping her eyes when Mary came into the school-room, and feeling in her bosom for the bag hid there.

8. "Oh dear!" she sighed again, afraid to play at recess, lest it should drop out; and worse than all, when Mary came, and putting her arm about her neck in her own loving way, told her how the house had been hunted to find the bag, and how her mother had reproved her for being careless. "If I could only find it!" said Mary sadly.

9. At the close of the day, Susan could not smile; there was a burden on her heart that grew heavier and heavier, and she hardly knew what to do. Her mother saw something was the matter, but when she asked what it was, the little girl turned her back and said nothing; at the same time tears flowed down her cheeks.

10. Every way she turned, and everywhere she looked, a blue bag hung in the air: after she went to bed and it was all dark, if she opened her eyes, there was the blue bag; and if she shut them, there was the blue bag still.

11. The worst of all was, Susan had a grief she could not speak of. Before this, all her little sorrows as well as her joys her mother had shared; now the child was trying to bear the burden alone. "Oh, what shall I do?" she said aloud, as she lay tossing about on the bed. She tried to sleep, but she could not; she tried to pray, but there was no heart in her prayer.

12. She raised up her head and listened to

footsteps in the hall. "Mother!" screamed the child; "mother, mother!" The mother heard and ran at the call. "My child," she said, "my child, what ails you?" coming to the bedside and taking both of Susan's hot hands in hers.

13. "Oh, mother, I more than picked it up, I more than took it; I stole it!" and she drew forth the blue bag, and held it up in her little trembling hand. "It is not mine; I stole it from Mary Langdon."

14. "Yes, mother, I stole it, and I knew better: I kept saying, It's only picking it up; but, mother, it was more. I knew it was more when I was afraid to show it to you; and I knew it was more when I could not tell you how I felt. I am a thief: will God forgive me? can I ever be happy again?" And the little girl sobbed as if her heart would break.

15. The mother looked very pale; she did not try to comfort her little one; she only took her by her side, and knelt down and prayed to God that her great sin might be forgiven.

16. Early the next morning, the mother and her child went to Mary Langdon's house, taking the bag with them. And as they were walking along, Susan said to her mother—"It is no matter what Mary or any one else thinks of me; I will confess my wickedness, and ask her to forgive me."

17. It was hard for poor Susan to say that she stole the bag—to confess that she was a

thief; but hard as it was, she did it—she told all.

QUESTIONS.—Which of Mary's playthings did Susan covet? Where did she see the bag one day as she was going to Mrs. Langdon's? What did she do with it? Was this right? What ought she to have done? Can you tell the rest of the story?

LESSON XLXIX.

¹ajd, ²ejd; ³omts, ²emts; ⁴amps, ²imps.
jd, jd; mts, mts; mps, mps.

¹ pa'tience	¹ slid'ing	² sun'beams	a ¹ woke'
chang'ing	² press'ed	some'how	re proach'
stay'ing	friend'ship	² cool'ly	ex ¹ cuse'
¹ freez'ing	weath'er	³ soft'en	sub due'
peep'ing	² mas'ter	pre ¹ pare'	¹ e'ven ing
beam'ing	³ thaw'ing	re ² venge'	² mut'ter ed

THE SUNBEAM AND THE SNOWBALLS.

1. There was a boy called Thomas, who took it into his head that his school-fellow, James, had done something on purpose to insult him; and in spite of all James could say or do to make him friendly again, Thomas seemed resolved not to forgive nor forget, but did all he could to pay him up, as he called it.

2. Now James tried to bear all this with patience, for he was a kind boy, and his mother

had taught him that he ought to forgive those who were unkind to him, and try to change them into friends.

3. Though it was spring, the weather was very cold, and there was some snow on the ground; and Thomas resolved to make a lot of snowballs to pelt James with, as he came by his father's garden on his way to school, the next morning.

4. "'Tis freezing hard," said he to himself, as he made the snowballs; "They will be as hard as stones by to-morrow; I shall give it to him well, and teach him not to insult me any more. It is all because he is a coward, and afraid to fight, that he says he is sorry he did it; such an excuse won't do for me. I told him I would pay him up before another week was over, and so I will."

5. These were the thoughts Thomas had, as he pressed the snow with his hands to make it hard and round. He never stopped to think of the kind things James had often done for him. One little bit of fun—or insult, as he chose to call it—had made him forget all his old friendship, and coolly prepare to pour out the angry feelings that filled his heart.

6. When he awoke the next morning, almost the first thought was of the snowballs and his revenge. But while Thomas had been sleeping on his warm bed, the weather had changed; the frost had gone, and the thaw had come, and the warm, bright sunbeams had taken a peep at his

heap of snowballs, and left nothing of them but a little water.

7. "How provoking this is!" muttered Thomas, half angry with the weather for changing so soon; "How very provoking! But I'll think of something else for you, Master James, never fear."

8. "Good morning, Thomas, are you ready to start?" said a pleasant voice outside the fence. Thomas knew who it was before he looked up, and saw James's smiling face peeping in at the garden-gate. "We shall have no sliding on the mill-pond to-day, for 'tis thawing fast; but father says we may play in the old barn if we like. I hope you will come over and have a few games, Thomas."

9. Before now, Thomas would have been all in a hurry to say, "Yes, to be sure I will;" but somehow or other he felt very queer and awkward. There was such a look of kindness and good-will beaming in James's face, that he did not like to look at him, and the very tone of his voice seemed to reproach him for having such unkind thoughts about Thomas.

10. He hardly knew what to say, and would far rather have walked to school alone, but he had no excuse for staying behind; so he went with him. Thomas could not help thinking a great deal about the snowballs, and about his conduct to James.

11. He learned a good lesson that day, though he did not recite it to his teacher. It was that

kindness would do more to soften the heart, or subdue angry passions, than hard snowballs, or even hard blows. In the evening he went to play with James, and the next morning he was at the garden-gate watching for James, not to pelt him with snowballs, but to go to school with him.

QUESTIONS.—What made Thomas angry at James? 2. Why did James bear his anger with patience? 3. What did Thomas resolve to do in order to punish James for insulting him? 6. Did he find the snowballs when he awoke the next morning? 6. What had become of them? 8. How did Thomas feel, when James stopped at the fence and spoke kindly to him? 11. What lesson did he learn that day?

LESSON L.

⁴andz, ²endz; ¹anj, ²inj; ⁴anj, onj.
 ndz, ndz; nj, nj; nj, nj.

¹ safe'ly	⁴ man'ners	³ gos'ling	¹ fa'vor ite
train'ing	gan'der	con'stant	to ² geth'er
¹ teach ing	² Car'lo	Top'py	ma ter'nal
leav'ing	guard'ed	mor'sel	² aft'er wards
¹ slow'ly	² wish'es	ut'ter	har'mo ny
po'ny	frisk'y	pup'py	sur round'ed
guid'ed	sick'ness	ad di'tion	com pan'ion

MY TWO FAVORITES.

1. When I was about ten years old, my father bought me a very pretty puppy, and for



the want of a better place, I put him in a box with an old cat and a fine lot of kittens.

2. At first old pussy did not appear to like this addition to her family; but soon the puppy became a favorite with her, and she brought it up with true maternal fondness. But with all her care and teaching, she could not make a cat of him. Like many little children, in spite of all his training he would be a puppy still.

3. My family of cats being rather too large, I gave all the kittens away, leaving no one for old pussy to care for but young Carlo, as I called my puppy. For a number of days she went mewling around, and seemed to be in search of her lost children.

4. One day, after being out on one of her walks, she came in with a small chicken in her mouth. This she safely placed in her bed by

the side of the puppy. Carlo seemed well pleased with the playmate old pussy had brought him, and began to caper about at a great rate.

5. The old cat sat still and watched his movements till she saw that the chicken was in danger of being killed by his rude pranks, and then she gave him a blow or two with her paw, that made him curl down in the corner of the box and remain quiet.

6. Having done this, she lay down again by the chicken, and putting her paws around it, she and her new child were soon fast asleep. On waking up, the chicken began to follow its stepmother, and from that time the cat would answer the peep of the chicken, and the chicken would run at the mewling of the cat.

7. The old cat's sorrows seemed to be at an end about her lost kittens, but she still had her little troubles. She would bring in squirrels and mice, and lay them down by the chicken and puppy, but with all her anxious wishes, which were plain to be seen in her looks and in her actions, she could not induce Carlo nor chicky to eat them.

8. Thus they lived in harmony, till the puppy and the chicken were about half grown up, when the old cat, seeming to think her children large enough to take care of themselves, took no further notice of them.

9. Time passed on, and the pet chicken became my favorite hen, and the frisky puppy became a dog of quiet manners and steady ha-

bits. And, though forsaken by their mother, Carlo, and Toppy, as I called my chicken, did not forget or neglect each other. Strange as it may appear, their friendship seemed to become greater every day.

10. They were almost always together: they ate together, they played together, and they walked together. I spent many a happy hour in watching the pranks of these two favorites. It was not an uncommon sight, to see Carlo walking slowly through the yard with Toppy calmly sitting on his back, seeming as pleased with her ride as ever a little boy was with a ride on his pony.

11. A nice little house was made for my dog near the chicken-yard; and I tried to get Toppy to leave her old friend at night, and perch with the rest of the fowls in the chicken-house; but this, with all my coaxing and talking, I could not induce her to do. So I put a pole across one side of Carlo's house, and there she always perched afterwards.

12. What was my joy when I went out one day to visit my favorites, to find, in one corner of Carlo's house, a nest, neatly made of straw, with one white egg in it! The next day I found two, the next three, and so on, till there were ten or twelve eggs, and then Toppy began to set.

13. If my joy was great when the nest was found, how much greater was it, when I went out one morning, and found Toppy surrounded

by a brood of little chickens! My delight knew no bounds. "Dear little things! sweet little chicks! pretty little creatures!" were almost the only words my full heart would permit me to utter.

14. And Carlo did not seem to be a whit behind me in my delight. He wagged his tail and frisked about, and gave me many a knowing look, as much as to say, "These little chickens are weak and very small, and I am resolved to make it my business to watch over and guard them from all danger."

15. Topsy soon taught her young brood to look upon Carlo as their best friend. By going over his back and between his legs, she showed her little ones that there was no cause for fear; and it was but a short time before they were on the best of terms with him. They did not fear him in the least; for while the mother sat by Carlo, as he was lying on the ground, her little chickens would perch upon his legs, scramble upon his back and head, and sometimes would even creep close up to him and go to sleep.

16. I must not forget to tell you that when Topsy began to set, I placed a goose-egg in her nest, which was hatched with the rest of the eggs. At first Topsy did not appear to take a fancy to the young gosling, but by-and-by she began to show it the same maternal fondness that she showed her own little chickens.

17. And this kindness was not lost; for when the gosling grew up and became a strong, fine-

looking gander, he did not leave her like the rest of her brood. He became her constant companion, and seemed to try by every action to repay her for all her care of him when he was a helpless gosling.

18. When he found a choice morsel of food, he would not, like some selfish boys I have known, eat it all alone; but he would carry it to his hen-mother, and either give her the whole, or at least an equal share of it. If other hens or geese, or any thing else, tried to hurt her or take away her food, the young gander was always ready to take her part, and do his best to punish them or to drive them away.

19. Now, my little reader, it may seem very foolish to write you a story about a hen and a goose; but I think you may learn something useful, even from the actions of these silly creatures, as you may be apt to term them. For instance, you may learn from the friendship of Carlo and Toppo that brothers and sisters, or those living in the same family, should always be kind to one another; and the gander in the treatment of Toppo showed a kindness and gratitude which you may well try to imitate.

20. As Toppo watched over, and guided and guarded the young gosling, so your parents have watched over, and fed and clothed you. But how many of you remember this care and kindness, and like this young gander, try to repay your parents for what they have felt and done for you?

21. My little reader, do not let a chicken or a dog outdo you, in love to your brothers and sisters, or those who belong to your family; but treat them with kindness at least equal to that which Carlo and Topsy showed to each other. And above all, do not be outdone by a silly goose in kindness and love to your parents. Love them, honor them, and obey them; and when old age comes upon them, or sickness overtakes them, be ready to help and comfort them.

QUESTIONS.—What can you say about the puppy that was brought up with the kittens? When the old cat's kittens were taken away, what did she find to bestow her affections upon? Tell what you can of Carlo and Topsy? What can you learn from the friendship of Carlo and Topsy? What from the gander's treatment of the hen?

LESSON LI.

³ongz, ⁴angz; ⁴angk, ²angk; ⁴anst, ²inst.
³ngz, ⁴ngz; ⁴ngk, ²ngk; ⁴nst, ²nst.

ga'yly	build	bough	hum'ming
dai'ly	with'er	stalks	bun'dles
green'er	sick'le	au'tumn	cov'er ed
sea'sons	bring'ing	blos'soms	la'bor ers
bleat'ing	hatch'ing	fros'ty	mer'ri ly
seck'ing	farm'er	slen'der	com plete'ly

THE SEASONS.

1. There are four seasons in the year: spring, summer, autumn, and winter. We will first

speak of the spring. How pleasant it is to think that the cold winter is over at last. The snow is all gone; and the grass looks greener and greener each day.

2. As soon as the dawn comes, you may hear the birds singing merrily while they build their nests, and the little lambs are bleating in the field. If you look at the trees, you will see the buds swelling, and some of them bursting into leaf, and the fruit trees covered with blossoms.

3. Now is the time to plow, and sow seed in the fields; after this, we must wait with patience till the summer comes, when the bright sun shines on the young blade of corn, and makes it grow up tall and strong. Then the blossoms wither and fall off, leaving the fruit behind, first small and green, but getting ripe as the summer draws on.

4. Summer is come, and the fields and gardens are full of flowers, and the bees go humming among them, seeking for the honey they contain. No more birds are to be heard singing in the bushes. They are busy hatching their eggs, and bringing up their young ones, and have no time to sing.

5. Now comes the autumn, when the yellow corn is completely ripe, and the full ears bend on their slender stalks. The farmer and his laborers are busy with their sickles cutting it all down; when it is cut, they bind it in bundles called sheaves, and then carry it off to the barn.

6. Now the leaves on the trees begin to wither and turn red or yellow. As soon as the wind blows, they drop from the boughs, and lie in heaps under the trees.

7. The robin-redbreast, who had been silent all the summer through, now begins to sing again as gayly as when these dry leaves were first bursting forth in the spring.

8. Winter comes at last, when the trees are all bare, and the rain and sleet begin to fall. Sometimes the ground is covered with snow, and the air is keen and frosty.

9. What do the poor birds do then? I am afraid they must be very cold without the leaves to shelter them; and the earth is frozen so hard, that they are not able to find worms.

10. But now the hips and haws, and other berries are ripe, and they must live on these till the cold weather is past, unless kind little boys and girls will spare a few crumbs for them, from their daily meal.

QUESTIONS.—How many seasons are there? What are they? What may be heard and seen in the spring? What is said of the summer? What is done in the autumn? What can you say about winter?



LESSON LII.

²ants, ³ants; ²erth, ³orth; ²anch, inch.
²nts, ³nts; ²rth, ³rth; ²neh, nch.

¹ nam'ed	¹ pour'ed	³ tall'est	² par'cel
¹ lean'ing	⁴ thank'ful	² sun'ny	lark'spur
screen'ed	thank'ing	³ box'es	aft'er noon
¹ wis'er	bar'row	schol'ars	beau ¹ ti'ful
¹ lu'pin	clap'ped	bloom'ing	¹ ea ger'ly
tu'lip	fix'ed	de ² serve'	ad ¹ vis'ed

THE TWO GARDENS.

1. "I wish I could see a plant grow. I wish I could see the seed, which is put in the ground, come up, and be a fine plant."

2. These words were said by a little girl named Jane, to her brother Henry, as they were leaning, one afternoon, over the pales which

screened the pretty garden of their school-teacher's house from the road.

3. "I should be tired of waiting to see a seed come up, and grow into a plant," said Henry. "I should like to make such a garden as this, all at once. If I had some nice flowers with good long stalks, I would stick them in the ground, and water them, and shade them with boughs. So there would be my garden, ready blooming at once. It would not last long, to be sure, but I should not much care for that."

4. Their teacher was walking in her garden, when she heard the brother and sister, who were two of her best scholars, talk in this way. She went up to them and said, "Well, children, you shall each have your wish. You shall each have a good box of mould, to be your own little garden."

5. "And I will give you, Jane, some seeds to sow in it; and you, Henry, you shall come and cut some of my flowers and boughs, to make a garden, which shall be, as you say, blooming at once: unless, indeed, you will take my advice, and let me give you some seeds as well as your sister; and then wait with patience to see them grow up into plants, which will blossom and last a long time."

6. "The sort of garden you wish to make, will scarcely last for a day; and you will be sorry when you see your sister's seeds all changed into flowers, that you made so bad a choice."

7. But Henry's eyes were eagerly fixed on a

bed of tulips, and then raised up to the lilacs and pink May-bloom which hung over the path. "Oh, pray let me have the flowers, and make my garden at once," said he; "no dull, ugly seeds for me."

8. "Well," said their kind teacher, as she opened her gate, "it shall be as you wish; but I must find two boxes for your two gardens, and then we will put some nice fine mould in them, and after that Jane shall have some seeds, and you, the flowers you so much wish for, and you shall take them all home in my wheel-barrow."

9. Henry and Jane were very thankful and happy, as they helped Mrs. Grafton to put nice fine mould in the boxes. When this was done, she went into her house and brought two or three papers of seeds, took a few from each parcel, and folded them up.

10. "Here, Jane," said she, "these seeds with black and white spots, are lupin seeds,—the seeds of the yellow lupin. And these tiny black seeds, are larkspur seeds; and these round brown ones, are the seed of the sweet pea, which grows very tall, and must have a long stick to climb against."

11. So Jane took the seed, and she put the sweet pea in the middle of the box, because it would be the tallest, and the larkspur and lupin seeds round it, about an inch under the mould; and she then covered them up, and put little sticks, as Mrs. Grafton advised her, to mark the places.

12. "Now," said her teacher, "if you keep this box in the house, you must take care to water your seeds; if you put it out of doors, perhaps there may be rain enough to water them."

13. "Will they be long coming up?" said Jane, who was looking at the lovely flowers which the kind teacher was cutting for her brother. "They will come up perhaps in ten days, perhaps not so soon," said the teacher.

14. Jane sighed; she thought this a long time to wait, but she said nothing. Mrs. Grafton placed a large bunch of flowers in Henry's box in the wheel-barrow, and the brother and sister, after thanking their kind teacher for her goodness, set off on their way home.

QUESTIONS.—1. What did Jane wish? 3. What did Henry think he would prefer? 4 & 5. What did their teacher promise them? 10. What seeds did she give to Jane? What did she give to Henry?

LESSON LIII.

²ulbd, ²rlbd; ²elbz, ²ulbz; ¹oldz, ⁴aldz.
 lbd, lbd; lbz, lbz; ldz, ldz.

¹ fad'ed	¹ re'al	² pur'ple	de ¹ cay'
prais'ed	seed'ling	nour'ish	de ² fend'
nail'ed	¹ dri'ed	² ten'der	ap ¹ pear'ed
rain'y	¹ clo'sed	flesh'y	cer'tain ly
car'ed	grow'ing	² wilt'ed	re'turn ² ed
great'est	² droop'ing	³ push'ed	con ² tent'ed

THE TWO GARDENS. (*Concluded.*)

1. Henry was in high glee when he rested the barrow at his father's door.

2. "Look at our gardens, mother," said he. "Mrs. Grafton has given them to us; and she has cut me all these flowers, that I may make my garden gay and blooming all at once. Jane wished only for some ugly dry seeds, which I suppose will come up, some time or other: but I could not wait. Don't you think I was right to choose the flowers?"

3. "And oh, mother," said Jane, "don't you think I was wiser to choose the seeds, which will come up and be flowers, when Henry's flowers are all dead and gone?"

4. "I think you were wiser, Jane," said her mother, "and that your pleasure will last longer; but I am glad to see you both happy, and to

find that Mrs. Grafton thought you good enough at school to deserve such pleasures.

5. "Now put your boxes in one corner of the yard, and when your father comes home, perhaps he will nail up a shelf for them to stand on, out of the way of the pig and the hens. You must watch them till he comes."

6. Now Henry was very joyful. He took his box and put it in a sunny corner of the yard, and poured water on the mould, to make it fresh and soft; and then he stuck his pink May-bloom and his bunches of lilacs in the middle, and his red and yellow tulips all round.

7. He then brought his mother and his little brother to look at his beautiful garden; his little brother clapped his hands, his mother praised the beauty of his garden as much as he could wish, and Jane said she thought she had never seen any thing she liked so well as this box of flowers. Then Henry was very happy, and he showed his garden to all his school-fellows who lived near.

8. When his father came home, he nailed up a shelf for the two boxes, and soon after it was time for Henry to bid good-night to his flowers and go to bed. "I shall see them in the morning, father; they will last another day."

9. "I am afraid," said his father, "that your flowers will fade before morning." But Henry thought he saw no signs of decay in his pretty flowers; so he went to bed in good hope that they would bloom yet one day more.

10. Next morning, as soon as he was up, he ran to his box. But ah, poor Henry! the heavy clusters of the lilacs hung down, and each little flower was almost dried up. The pink May-blooms were closed; the tulips were drooping and faded, and the green leaves were wilted and dull-looking.

11. Jane was very sorry for Henry when she saw him pull up his dying flowers, while a tear was in his eye; she, too, thought they would have lived one day more, at least: and she was glad that she had not been tempted to give up the seeds. Now, thought she, I shall be able to let poor Henry have some of my flowers by-and-by.

12. Day after day, Jane watched her garden, as she called the box of seeds; and day after day no little plant appeared. She began to grow fearful, but Mrs. Grafton kept her in heart, telling her that the seeds would certainly come up soon.

13. Jane's patience nearly failed her. The last thing before she went to school in the morning, and the first after she returned, she ran to look at her seeds. At length, one soft, rainy day, the little girl ran out to visit her box, and there she saw two thick, fleshy green leaves, peeping above the earth.

14. At first she could scarcely believe this to be a real plant; but then she thought of what her teacher had told her of the two little, round, thick leaves which would first be seen above ground, and she was very happy.

15. The next morning she could hardly wait to get her frock tied, before she ran to her garden; and now there were four or five little seedlings peeping up their heads. The lupin, which had been the first, was much grown, the thick leaves were parted, and a little green sprig was pushed up between them. Henry was glad, for Jane's sake, that her seeds had come up, but he cared only for flowers.

16. Jane watched her tender plants many days and weeks; it was her greatest pleasure. She found that the two thick leaves which first came up, to nourish and defend the young seedling, fell off as the plant grew strong and tall. About this time Henry went away to stay with his uncle, but before he went he cut a stick for his sister's sweet-pea to climb up.

17. It was a fine sunny day when Henry came home again; his sister was watching for him: she took his hand and pulled him into the yard. What was his surprise to see her little box full of blooming flowers! The sweet-pea turned round a tall stick in the middle, the yellow lupins and the purple larkspur growing round, fresh and lovely.

18. "Oh, Jane," said he, "these are handsome indeed! But you deserve them, for you were patient and contented to wait for them."

19. "Dear Henry," said Jane, "these flowers shall be yours and mine too: and when they die and their seeds grow ripe, we will save them to sow next year."



LESSON LIV.

²uljd, ²iljd; ²elmd, ³olmd; ²elmz, olmz:
¹lj, ¹lj; ¹lmd, ¹lmd; ¹lmz, ¹lmz.

¹ straight	³ drop'ped	² gen'er ous	¹ care'less ly
tast'ed	² lift'ed	yes'ter day	re'mem ² brance
a'pron	² cun'ning	pret'ti est	re ¹ ceiv'ing
¹ cry'ing	thou'sand	dif'fi cult	sup ¹ pos'ing
⁴ add'ed	¹ care'less ly	bit'ter ly	for ³ got'ten
ban'tam	² sud'den ly	fol'low ing	es ¹ cap'ed
³ fall'en	⁴ smoth'er ed	hap'pen ed	im ⁴ ag'in ed

THE BANTAM.

1. There was once a very little boy whose name was Willie. Willie's mother was very good to him, and taught him many useful

things. Almost the first lesson he learned was, that *You should do to others what you would have others do to you.*

2. When Willie first learned this golden rule from the Bible, he thought it would be very easy to obey it; but he soon found it was not so easy as he imagined.

3. One day Willie's mother gave him a large piece of cake. Willie was not hungry, but he began eating just because it tasted good. A foolish reason for eating, is it not? When he had eaten half the cake, his father came in with a basket of early apples, and asked Willie if he would carry it up to Mrs. Burns, a kind old lady who lived at a little distance from their house.

4. "Oh, yes, sir!" said Willie: "and mother, I will carry her this half of my cake; and that," he added, tossing up his head, and feeling very grand and generous, "will be following the rule, 'doing as you would like to be done by;' won't it, mother?"

5. "Yes, my dear boy; but it is very easy for you to follow it now, and give away what you do not want; but, Willie, I hope you will obey it when there is something which you ought to do for others, and do not like to do."

6. "Oh, yes, mother, I will," replied Willie, feeling quite sure he should always be as good as he ought to be. Willie had forgotten, perhaps he never knew, that it is sometimes very difficult to do the thing we ought; but

the harder it is, the better we feel when it is done.

7. Well, up Willie went with his basket to Mrs. Burns. She was very glad to get the apples; they were the first she had seen that summer; and she was very much pleased with Willie's present of half his cake; and she kissed him and thanked him, and told him she had been looking out for him. Willie could not think why she had been looking out for him, and he said, "Why?"

8. "I will tell you," said Mrs. Burns: "you know my little bantams?"

9. "Oh, yes; they are the prettiest little bantams I ever saw."

10. "Well," said Mrs. Burns, "the old bantam left her chickens yesterday; you know hens always leave their chickens as soon as they are able to take care of themselves?"

11. "Do they?" said Willie; "I am glad I am not a chicken then; for though I may be old enough to take care of myself, yet I am not old enough to be willing to part with my mother."

12. "Not quite old enough for either, Willie," said Mrs. Burns, smiling. "Boys at eight years old can't take as good care of themselves as chickens at eight weeks. But, Willie, I was going to tell you that I took two of the chickens off the roost last evening, and put them in a covered basket. One I mean for you, and the other for your little cousin James."

13. "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Burns; I like bantams, and I like white bantams; they look so cunning."

14. "Well, here they are, Willie," said Mrs. Burns, bringing the basket. "Carry them home, dear, and take one out, and ask your father to carry the other to your cousin James, when he goes to his store. Go straight home, Willie, and do not take off the cover till you get there."

15. "Oh, yes," said Willie, quite delighted; "and thank you a thousand times for my bantam; and for James's too. But how shall I know which is James's?"

16. "Oh, it is no matter which; they look just alike."

17. Away ran Willie, with heart so light, that it seemed as if his feet did not touch the ground. When he was half-way home, he met his friend Henry Langdon. "Oh, Henry," he said, "guess what is in this basket?"

18. "Guess! I guess it is nothing?"

19. "Well, then, I will tell you: there are two of the prettiest little bantams you ever saw."

20. "Oh, are there?" said Henry.

21. "Yes; just look for yourself," replied Willie, as he pulled up the cover. "There, ain't they bantams? See how white they are, and what cunning short legs and web-feet! Do you see, Henry?" While Willie lifted up the foot of one, the other hopped out, and would have escaped, if Henry had not caught it.

22. "Here, just put it in my apron, Henry, I won't lift up the cover again. Mrs. Burns told me not to, but I forgot." Henry did as he was asked, and Willie ran on, till, stumbling against a stone, he fell flat on his face, and the basket dropped, and rolled some way down the hill. Willie was more frightened than hurt; for he was afraid the bantam would get out of the basket; but it did not, and on he went.

23. "Oh, mother!" he screamed, as soon as he saw her, "Mrs. Burns has given me one of her little white bantams, and one for James too; is she not kind? There is one in the basket, and here is one in my apron—see, mother?" and he opened his apron to show it. "Why, what ails it?" he said; "do see, mother, how its head hangs down—it don't move—mother; do look—what is the matter?"

24. Willie's mother took the little bantam in her hands; and, seeing it could not move, she said, "I am afraid you held it too tight, and have smothered it, my child." She blew in its mouth, but that did no good; and she saw its neck was broken.

25. She told Willie so, and asked how it could have happened. Willie burst into tears, and said it must have happened when he fell down. He cried bitterly, and his mother tried to comfort him. Suddenly he stopped crying, and said, "The dead bantam is James's."

26. "Did Mrs. Burns say that it was James's, Willie?"

27. "No, mother; but she said it was no matter which."

28. "But it is now a great deal of matter which."

29. "I know it is, mother."

30. "Willie, supposing Mrs. Burns had given James the chickens to bring home instead of you, and supposing he had run carelessly as you did, and fallen down, and killed the chicken, what would you think he ought to do?"

31. Willie stopped; he blushed; tears again came into his eyes, and rolled over his cheeks; he looked at the dead bantam, he looked up into his mother's face, and then he said, "I should think, mother, he ought to give me the chicken; and, mother, I will do as I would be done by. James shall have the live bantam; but, mother," he added, sobbing, "it is just as you said: it is not always very easy to do as we would be done by."

32. "No, my child," replied his mother, as she kissed him; "but, now, which would you rather have—the remembrance that, when it seemed very hard, you did as you would be done by, or the bantam?"

33. "The remembrance, mother, a thousand times; for that will last always, you know, and the live bantam must die some time or other." The bantam was sent to James, and which, think you, was the most happy—Willie in sending, or James in receiving it?

LESSON LV.

²elvd, ²alvd; ²elvz, ²ilvz; ²elks, ²ilks.
²lvd, ²lvd; ²lvz, ²lvz; ²lks, ²lks.

¹ shade	¹ breeze	³ con'cert	² fif'ty
praise	se'cret	yon'der	swal' ³ low
day'light	² thrush	scorch'ing	be ¹ times'
¹ ho'ly	hush'es	Thom'son	sor' ³ row ful
² tend'er	work'ed	rob'bed	Cre' ¹ a'tor

ROBIN REDBREAST'S SECRET.

1. I'm little Robin Redbreast, sir,
 My nest is in the tree;
 If you look up in yonder elm,
 My pleasant home you'll see.
2. We made it very soft and nice—
 My pretty mate and I—
 And all the time we worked at it,
 We sang most merrily.
3. The green leaves shade our lovely home,
 From the hot scorching sun;
 So many birds live in the tree,
 We do not want for fun.
4. The light breeze gently rocks our nest,
 And hushes us to sleep;
 We're up betimes to sing our song,
 And the first daylight greet.

5. I have a secret I would like
The little girls to know;
But I wont tell a single boy—
They rob the poor birds so.
6. We have four pretty little nests,
We watch them with great care;
Full fifty eggs are in this tree—
Don't tell the boys they're here.
7. Joe Thomson robbed the nest last year,
And year before, Tom Brown;
I'll tell it loud as I can sing,
To every one in town.
8. Swallow and sparrow, lark and thrush,
Will tell you just the same:
To make us all so sorrowful,
It is a wicked shame.
9. Oh, did you hear the concert
This morning from our tree?
We give it every morning
Just as the clock strikes three.
10. We praise our great Creator,
Whose holy love we share;
Dear children, learn to praise Him too,
For all his tender care.

QUESTIONS.—1. Where was the robin's home? 3. What shaded it?
6. What secret had the robin? Why would it not tell the boys?
10. What do the birds sing every morning? What should little children learn?



LESSON LVI.

²elpt, ²olpt; ²elps, ²ulps; ³alts, ²ilts.
¹lpt, ¹lpt; ¹lps, ¹lps; ¹lts, ¹lts.

fra¹'grancescat⁴'tersmod³'esta mid²

a'corn

as'ter

push³'esa broad³'i¹'risten²'drils

mount'ain

gar'den er²sow¹'erlil²'iescol⁴'orpro duc¹'es

por'tion

mix'es

caus³'edwhis'per ing²ru¹'inswrit¹'tenbeneath¹'mur'mur ing²

THE WORKS OF GOD.

1. Come, let us walk abroad; let us talk of the works of God. Take up a handful of sand;

number the grains of it; tell them one by one, into your lap.

2. Try to count the blades of grass in the field, or the leaves on the trees. You cannot count them; no one can number them; nor can any one number the things which God has made.

3. The pine grows on the high mountain, and the willow stands by the side of the gentle river, and dips its leaves in the quiet waters. The vine lays hold with her tendrils, and clings to the tall forest tree; the oak pushes its roots far into the ground, and firmly stands against the rude winds of winter.

4. From among the green grass of the meadows, the daisy peeps out its pretty head; the modest violet covers the mossy knoll by the side of the murmuring brook, and scatters its fragrance through the air; but the tulip needs the rich soil of the garden and the careful hand of the gardener.

5. The iris and the reed spring up in the marsh; the rich grass covers the meadows; and the green leaves clothe the trees of the forest. The water-lilies grow beneath the stream; their broad leaves float on the water; the wall-flower takes its root in the hard stone, and spreads its fragrance among the broken ruins.

6. Every plant has its own flower, and every leaf and flower has its own shape and color. Look at the thorns which are white with blossoms, and the flowers that cover the fields.

Man did not plant them; the sower did not scatter the seeds from his hand, nor did the gardener dig a place for them with his spade.

7. Some grow on steep rocks, where no man can climb; on shaking bogs and in deep forests; they spring up everywhere, and cover the face of the whole earth.

8. Who causes them to grow everywhere, and blows the seeds about in the wind, and mixes them with the mould, and waters them with the gentle dews? Who fans them with the pure breath of heaven, and gives them colors and fragrance, and spreads out their leaves?

9. How does the rose draw its bright colors from the dark brown earth, or the lily its shining white? How can a small seed contain a plant? How does every plant know its season to put forth?

10. When the sun melts the snows of winter, the snow-drop and the violet haste to lift their heads above the ground; in the first days of summer, the pink, the lily, and the rose deck the garden in gay colors; and the aster, with its beautiful companions, cheers us even amid the wild blasts of autumn.

11. Every plant produces a plant like itself. An ear of corn will not grow from an acorn; nor will a grape-stone produce apples; but every one springs from its proper seed.

12. Who keeps them alive through the cold winter, when snow is on the ground, and the sharp frost bites on the plain? Who saves the

seed in the bosom of the earth, and causes them to spring up and grow, and the sap to rise through the hard wood?

13. It is God who does all this; and this is but a little portion of his wonders. There is little need that I should tell you of God, for every thing speaks of him. Every field is like an open book; every bright flower has a lesson written on its leaves.

14. Every murmuring brook has a tongue; a voice is in every whispering wind. They all speak of God who made them; they all tell us he is very good. We cannot see God, but we can see his works, and from them we may learn that he is wise, and good, and great.

QUESTIONS.—2. Can any one count the things which God has made? Did you ever see a willow growing on a mountain? 5. Where do the water-lilies grow? Does every plant have its own flower? Did you ever see a tulip grow on an apple tree? Who makes the flowers bloom in their season? Can you mention the names of some that bloom in the spring? In the autumn? In the summer? What if the flowers should all bloom at once? 14. What may we learn from the works of God?

LESSON LVII.

²ulfs, ²elfs; ²elft, ²lft; ³alst, ¹olst.
 lfs, lfs; lft, lft; lst, lst.

¹ sail'or	³ warn'ing	⁴ doz'en	³ pro'mis ed
cas'es	² set'ting	troub'led	pon'der ing
¹ cur'ing	twen'ty	work'ing	re'al ly
youth	² stitch'es	shirts	per form'ed
¹ du'ty	³ bon'net	at tempt'	oc ca'sion
² wom'an	sloth'ful	re fuse'	in'tend ed

DO EVERY THING IN PROPER TIME.

1. WHEN a duty is to be done, and you have the means of doing it, set about it, my young friend! Set about it! Many a good will grows cold, and many a good deed is left undone, by pondering over it too long, and by putting it off till to-morrow. When a duty is to be done, and you have the means of doing it, the sooner you set about it the better.

2. We read in the Bible that the slothful man says, "There is a lion in the way." The meaning of which is, that he is ever ready to find an excuse for not doing his duty. Oh! says he, I must not stir out, nor attempt to go where I ought to go; a lion is in the streets.

3. Now I am afraid that many little boys and girls are too often saying the same thing. If they have a hard lesson to learn, they are

too apt to say, "I can't learn such a hard lesson," or, "I can't get it now; I will get it some other time," or some such thing. The best way of curing this bad habit is, when we have any thing to do, to set about it at once. But I want to tell you of my cousin Emma.

4. My cousin Emma did not do half the good she might have done, through a bad habit of putting things off till another time, on account of the trouble they would give her.

5. Had she set about them, she would have performed them; but, instead of this, she put them off, and then one half of them were given up forever. Take warning, my young friends! take warning! and when you have a duty to perform, set about it at once.

6. One morning she was asked to go with a neighbor to visit a poor woman in great distress, who lived at the distance of a mile and a half from her home; but instead of putting on her bonnet and shawl and setting off at once, she began to reason with herself thus:

7. "Let me see,—a mile and a half there, and a mile and a half back, will be three miles; that's a great distance. There are three long lanes and three wide fields to pass through; and perhaps there may be cattle in the fields and snakes in the grass.

8. "I hardly know what to think of it. Suppose it should rain, what a drag it would be! I really cannot make up my mind." In this manner from day to day, the visit was put off,

till the poor woman died; and thus my cousin Emma lost a chance of doing a kind action by not setting about it.

9. On another occasion, my cousin Emma had agreed to meet with some of her young friends to make a dozen shirts for a few poor but honest and hard-working men; when, by chance, she saw the following account in a paper of the number of stitches in a shirt: "There are twenty thousand stitches in a plain shirt."

10. This was enough, and more than enough, for Emma. Twenty thousand stitches in one shirt! It was terrible! She could not make up her mind to begin so great a work without thinking the matter over.

11. Had she never troubled her head about the number of stitches, but set to work in good earnest, all would have been well; but this she did not do. The dozen shirts were made and given to the men; but not one stitch was put in them by Cousin Emma.

12. My cousin Emma, in one of her calls at our poor cottage, met with a thoughtless youth, a sailor, who was going back in a few days to his ship, and promised to give him a Bible. She put off, from day to day, taking the Bible to the lad, till, at last, when she did take it, she found that the young sailor had left the day before.

13. My cousin Emma never intended to let the sick woman die without helping her; nor to refuse doing her part in making the shirts;

nor to suffer the poor sailor to go to sea without the Bible. No; she intended in all these cases to do her duty; but alas! she did not set about it. I say again, take warning, my young friends, take warning! and when you have a duty to perform, set about it at once.

QUESTIONS.—1. When you have a duty to perform and the means of doing it, what ought you to do? 2. What does the slothful man say? What does this mean? 4. What bad habit had Cousin Emma? 13. What kind actions did she lose an opportunity of performing by yielding to this habit?

LESSON LVIII.

²elth, ²ilth; ²arbd, ³orbd; ²arbz, ³orbz.
lth, lth; rbd, rbd; rbz, rbd.

¹ scream'ing	weight (¹ wat)	flit'ting	⁴ an'i mals
seat'ed	⁴ lan'guage	in'sect	qual'i ties
fear'less	Mel'val	wound'ed	² ut'ter ed
¹ fright'ful	² red'ness	Char'ley	³ pos'si ble
child'ish	³ mon'ster	² mur'der	as sas'sin
light'en	com'ic	ca res's'	o blig'ed
hid'ing	fol'ly	de gres's'	in sist'ed

THE WHITE MOUSE.

1. With many good qualities, Annie Melval had one failing of such a nature that it sometimes made her appear very silly. It was a childish fear of animals, small as well as great—insects, even, which by their nature, no less



than by their size, had not the power to harm her.

2. If she saw a moth in the room, flitting around the lighted lamp, she screamed, and imagined that this little insect had come to devour her. More than this: when, as it happened once in a while, a bat found his way into the house—though the poor fellow, it is true, sought only how he might find his way out of the room—the foolish girl was sure he had come to seize her in his claws, and to carry her off.

3. It was in vain that Mrs. Melval told her that this bat, hardly as large as half of her hand, could not lift a weight two hundred times as heavy as itself. Annie, pale and trembling, insisted that this monster would at least carry

off her eyes or her ears; and then, covering her face with both her hands, she fled to her mother, not daring to move till she was told that the bat had flown out of the window. Scarcely a day passed without some such scenes as this.

4. One beautiful evening in summer, when Annie was going to bed, she happened to lift up the pillow. She saw a mouse escape from under it. The little fellow jumped upon her shoulder, passed up her neck, ran down one of her arms, and fled with a fear which was much less than that of Annie.

5. She uttered the most frightful screams. "Help! murder!—I'm lost! I'm dead!" Hearing these words, the whole family rushed to Annie's room. The girl was found sitting on the foot of the bed, completely wound up in sheets and quilts, and almost smothered.

6. "Where is the assassin who tried to take away your life?" asked Mrs. Melval, looking all around the room.

7. "Ah, mother! don't ask me!—that frightful animal!—that terrible monster!"

8. "Well, what was it?"

9. "A mouse, mother; yes, a mouse, with flashing eyes; his tail was a yard long; he has torn my neck, my ears, my arms!"

10. Mrs. Melval could not help bursting into a fit of laughing, when she heard such language from her daughter. This caused the girl to look up a little. At first she felt her ears, to

see if the mouse had not left at least one, or a part of one.

11. Then she put her hand upon her neck, which she imagined was so badly wounded by the mouse. At last she looked at her arms. She was not able to find the least redness there; and, in fact, there was nothing to show that she was at all hurt in any part of her body. So she was obliged to own her mistake, and could not help laughing at her own folly.

12. Then she resolved to throw away those childish fears that had troubled her so long. Mrs. Melval, too, tried more than ever to cure her daughter of these fears.

13. One day, when Annie came, as usual, to bid her mother, "good morning," she saw a mouse running about in the room. A cry of fear escaped her. But what was her surprise to see the little creature climb up on the dress of her mother, mount on her shoulders and her head, and run down again as quick as thought, and hide under her work-bag.

14. She saw that the mouse was white, and that he had around his neck a silk collar, upon which were written some words. But what surprised her most was, that when her mother called the little fellow—"Charley, Charley,"—he came out of his hiding-place, and seated himself on her hand.

15. He performed a hundred cunning little feats, in order to get the morsel of cake which she held between her fingers, and which he took

at last, with seeming delight. Nor was this all: while Annie was looking at the white mouse, she saw him, at the command of her mother, lie down and act as if he was dead; and afterward suddenly start up, and, standing upon his hind feet, seize a little broom with his fore feet, and sweep her dress in the most comic manner.

16. Then he mounted on the head of the lady, passed down and up again on her curls, and at last, after he had performed a great many such capers, he came and seated himself upon her shoulder, as if waiting for further orders.

17. "What!" said Annie, "is it possible that those little animals, which I was so much afraid of, can be so well trained?" And, though with some trembling, she held out her hand toward Charley, but drew it back again when the little fellow showed some signs of coming to her.

18. If it had not been for this fear, with what pleasure would she have offered the white mouse a piece of cake or apple, to see how he would take it out of her hand. There was one thing about Charley of which Annie felt very anxious to know something more. It was the writing on the collar around his neck.

19. The letters were so small, and the movements of the mouse so quick and so constant, that she could not make out to read the words. But at length she began to approach the little pet, and by degrees she became used to his pranks, so that she was not afraid of him.

20. One day he had gone through a great number of his capers, and Annie was so delighted, that, in spite of some remains of fear, she suffered the words to escape—"Charley! Charley!"

21. In a moment the white mouse ran up her frock, mounted to her head, then ran down to her shoulders, seated himself there, and began to wash his face with his fore paws. It was then that Annie for the first was able to read the writing on the collar of the mouse. It was these words: "I belong to Annie."

22. "Yes," said she, with delight, "I feel that you will give me as much pleasure as you at first caused me fright. How could I be so foolish as to tremble and turn pale at the sight of this little creature, which, though so small, does not fear to approach me!"

23. Annie stood quite still, while Charley performed his cunning tricks, and found that there was not the least cause for fear. She even went so far as to put her hand on the little fellow's back, and smoothed his soft white fur.

24. Every day Annie became more pleased, and felt less afraid of her little pet; and in a short time she could caress and play with him in the most fearless manner. By degrees she got rid of the foolish habit of screaming every time she saw a worm, a bat, a mouse, or any other little animal.

25. Mrs. Melval, delighted that she had been the means of curing the foolish fears of her

daughter, then told her that she had bought little Charley of a man, who, by patience and kindness, had taught him to perform so many cunning feats, in order that she might teach her the folly of always being frightened where there was no real danger.

QUESTIONS.—What foolish failing had Annie? 4. What frightened her one evening? 9. How did she describe the mouse to her mother? 11. How did Annie feel, when she found the mouse had not injured her? Can you tell about the white mouse Annie saw in her mother's room one morning? Who had taught it to perform the feats that pleased Annie so much? Why did her mother buy it? What did Annie finally overcome?

LESSON LIX.

²urdz, ²ardz; ²urgz, ³orgz; ²urjd, ³orjd.
rdz, rdz; rgz, rgz; rjd, rjd.

¹ grat'ing	⁴ splash'ing	³ bot'tom	¹ qui'et ly
stay'ed	² sun'shine	³ naught'y	² pret'ti est
play'ing	won'der	pounc'ed	¹ o be'di ent
¹ fright'en	² fish'es	³ swal'low ed	⁴ un der stand'

A FABLE ABOUT THREE LITTLE GOLD-FISHES.

1. There was once a very kind man, and he had three gold-fishes, the prettiest little fishes in the world. He kept them in a clear pond, and was very fond of them. He often went to the pond and sat down by the edge, and threw crumbs of bread in the water, and the little fishes came and ate them.

2. The man very often said to them, "Little fishes, remember two things, and then you will always be safe and happy. Do not go through the iron grating into the large pond, which is next to this little one; and do not swim at the top of the water when I am not here. Remember these two things."

3. But the little fishes did not understand what he meant; so the kind man said, "I will make them understand in another way." So he went and stood by the iron grating, and when one of the gold-fishes came near it, and wanted to swim through into the large pond, the man made a splashing in the water with his stick to frighten it away.

4. And he did the same when any of them swam at the top of the water, to make them go down again. "Now," said the man, "I think they will understand;" and he went home.

5. When the man was gone, the three little gold-fishes laid their heads together and began to talk to each other, and to wonder why the kind man would not let them go through the grating, or swim at the top of the water.

6. One of them said, "The man walks about at the top himself. I wonder why we may not go up too!"

7. Another of the gold-fish said, "I wonder why we are to be shut up in this little pond; I do not see what harm it would do if we went into the large one sometimes."

8. Then the first one said, "I think he is a

cruel man, who does not love us, and does not like that we should be happy."

9. Foolish little fish to speak so!

10. Then the second gold-fish said, "I shall not mind him a bit. I shall just go and have a swim in the large pond."

11. And the first one said, "And I will go and play a little at the top of the water where the sun shines."

12. The third little gold-fish was the only wise one, and it thought, "The man is kind to us. I am sure he knows a good reason for what he tells us. If he did not love us, he would not come to feed us so often. I know he is a kind man, and I will do what he bids me, though I do not know why it is."

13. So this good, obedient little fish stayed quietly at the bottom of the small pond.

14. But the other two did as they said they would. The one swam through the grating into the large pond, and the other played at the top of the water; and they both laughed at their brother for being obedient.

15. But what happened? As soon as the one gold-fish had swum a little in the large pond, a great pike met it and swallowed it.

16. And a large gray bird saw the other naughty gold-fish playing in the sunshine, and pounced down and caught it, and swallowed it too.

17. So only the obedient little fish was left safe in the small pond. The kind man was

very glad that it was so good, and he came to feed it every day. And the good little gold-fish lived a long time in the small pond, and was very happy.

QUESTIONS.—1. How many gold-fishes had the man? 1. Where did he keep them? 2. What did the man often say to them? 3. Did they understand him? 3. What did he do to show them what he meant? What did the fishes say to each other? Do you think a fish can speak? 14. How many of them disobeyed him? 15 and 16. What befel them? 17. What is said of the good little fish that was obedient? If you are obedient to those who have the care of you, will you not always be happy like this little fish?

LESSON LX.

²armz, ³armz; ²urnd, ²ernd; ²ernz, ²urnz.
rmz, rmz; rnd, rnd; rnz, rnz.

¹ fac'ed	² lisp'ed	¹ lone'ly	omit ² 'ted
a'gents	dish'es	⁴ jour'ney	con tin'ue
ra'ces	whiz'zing	thirst'y	ex claim ¹ 'ed
ey'ed (¹ id)	⁴ pad'dle	as ser ² 'tion	min ³ 'is ters
¹ hu'man	Fan'ny	as sert ² 'ed	con'se quence ³
³ pomp'ous	² per'ish	im port ³ 'ant	ex'cel lence ²
cof'fee	dwell'ing	for got ² 'ten	use'ful ness ¹

WATER.

1. Some children were in my room the other day, and I asked them to tell me "what water was good for."

2. "Good to drink," said one.

3. "Good to wash clothes with," said a second.

4. "Good to wash dishes with," said a third.

5. And a little blue-eyed girl, whose cheeks were so clean they fairly shone, lisped, "Good to wash our faces with."

6. "Nonsense!" exclaimed her brother John. "I should be ashamed to say that, Fan; I say it's good to swim in." This pompous assertion caused a brief silence. At length some one said, "Good to make tea with."

7. "And coffee," said another.

8. "And to paddle a boat in," said John.

9. "And steamboats," added another.

10. "And ships, great big ships with sails," shouted a third. Then came a pause, in which all seemed engaged in deep thought.

11. "It's good to rain with," said the clean-faced little Fanny.

12. "And for snow," added John.

13. "Why, snow isn't water," stoutly asserted Mary White, a child of five years old, with cheeks as red as a rose.

14. "I should like to know if it's any thing else?" said John. "Melt it, and you'll see what it's made of."

15. Another pause. "You have named many of the uses of water," said I; "but there are some important ones still omitted. There is one I should expect you to think of now," I said, as a train of cars went whizzing by, not twenty rods from my window.

16. "Cars don't go by water, do they?" asked little Fanny.

17. "No, indeed," said some one in reply.

18. "It's good for cows to drink."

19. "Yes, and for horses and dogs and sheep."

20. "And our little birds," said Mary White.

21. "Yes, every animal drinks," I said; "but there are still some things forgotten. Who will think?"

22. "Oh, I don't love to think," said little Fanny.

23. "It's good to turn mills with," said John. "Why didn't I think of that before?" Saw-mills, and grist-mills, and all kinds of mills go by water."

24. "Yes," said I; "that opens a wide field of usefulness before us. Who will think again?" At last, all said they could think of nothing else, and even John Duncan gave out, as he called it.

25. "Water is good for steam," said I; "and steam is one of the most important agents known. It is doing wonders in our day."

26. "Why, how many things water is good for!" exclaimed little Fanny; "I never thought of them all before."

27. "Little girls ought to think," said I. "To go through such a world as this without thinking, is very much like taking a journey with your eyes shut. Unless the eyes of your mind are wide open, you will never see the excellence and beauty with which you are surrounded."



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